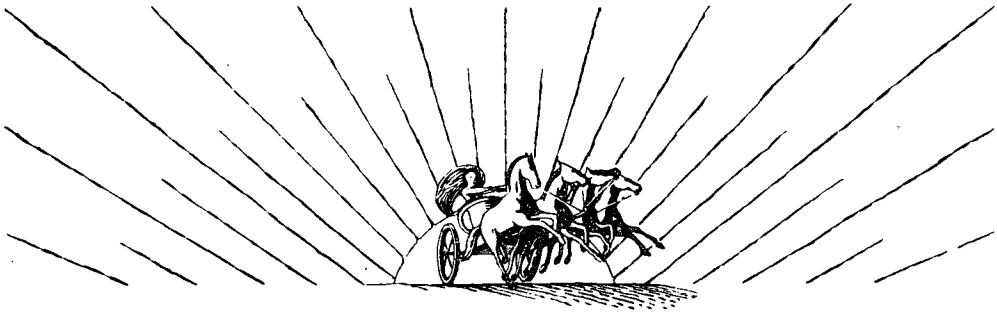

THE LIVING AGE

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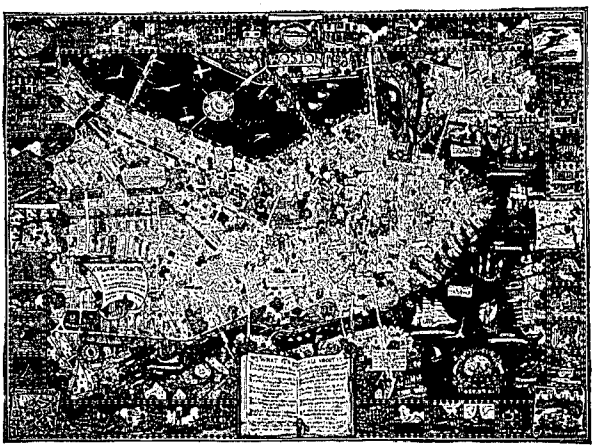

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THE GUIDE POST

DISCUSSIONS of Polish politics have been more heated than ever of late. Nearly all the most disruptive forces in Europe are at work, in one way or another, in the revolution that has so tragically divided the country against itself.

* * *

Our leading article, 'Poland's Crisis and Its Background,' comes from *Journal des Débats*, the *Boston Evening Transcript* of Paris. M. A. Gauvain, the leader writer for this highly respectable member of the Conservative press, is well posted on Slavic affairs, and his Warsaw correspondents would be bound to be dependable.

* * *

Although Poland is less popular in Austria than in France, *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* is not entirely unsympathetic. Yet even in this widely circulated Liberal daily, with its appeal to the intellectual bourgeoisie, we find a less well-disposed attitude than in the pro-Polish press of France.

* * *

The *New Statesman's* correspondent reflects the Radical-Labor sympathies of his paper, which has always regarded Poland disapprovingly. Such predilections inevitably lead him to discover many gloomy aspects of a country whose recent history has been so fraught with the tragic and the ridiculous.

* * *

'Poland's Economic Impasse' appeared in *Die Rote Fahne*, the official organ of the Berlin Communists, whose inclination would be to discourage Poland without giving offense. This Party is apt to sow dissatisfaction with the established order in any available field. *Rote Fahne* itself devotes considerable space to reprints of the leading political articles in the Russian Soviet press.

* * *

In 'Bisecting the Arctic' *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* is running true to its policy of featuring aviation — indeed, it has probably printed more good flight-narratives than any other paper in Europe. We have already quoted from its columns stories of flying in Spitzbergen and Persia, as well as the log of the ZR-3 during its trans-atlantic flight.

* * *

J. L. Garvin, author of 'New Light on Wordsworth,' is the editor of the London *Observer*. Usually his contributions are of a political nature, with a curious combination of liberalism and opposition to the Treaty of Versailles, lock, stock, and barrel. Like many other distinguished London journalists, Mr. Garvin is of Irish extraction. The *Observer* is exclusively a Sunday paper.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 329 — *JUNE 26, 1926* — NO. 4277

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE BRITISH LIBERAL SPLIT

BRUSHING personalities aside, although they have much to do with present dissensions in the British Liberal Party, the enduring and historically important aspect of the breach between Lord Oxford and Lloyd George is their respective attitudes toward the present industrial conflict in Great Britain. The Liberals are suffering the pains and penalties of every Centrist Party. One wing sympathizes with the Conservatives, the other with Labor. Neither wing, however, would go as far toward Conservatism or Radicalism as the Party toward which it leans. When a great issue like the general strike comes up, these diverging inclinations are sure to assert themselves. We suspect that Lloyd George has not lost out in the present controversy, precisely because the Conservative Government, with which Lord Oxford and Lord Grey have virtually aligned themselves, has found no solution for the existing crisis. The Conservative Liberals have run the risk, therefore, of associating themselves with failure, while Lloyd George and his followers have at least a gambler's chance of winning credit from the mischances of their opponents and of posing at some future time as the true prophets of Liberalism. *The Nation and the Athenæum* and the *Manchester Guardian* have sided with the Welsh ex-Premier; the *Westminster Gazette* has stood by Lord Oxford. The Conservatives are watching the fray with cynical delight. As the *Saturday Review* observes, it affords 'an alluring distraction' in Britain's present gloom, and Liberal dissensions are the one 'stable element in contemporary political life.' The *New Statesman* says: 'Mr. Lloyd George has enormously strengthened his position in the country with the policy he has pursued during the strike'; and the *Nation and Athenæum* exclaims: 'Who would have believed that in a controversy between these two statesmen Mr. Lloyd George would be triumphantly and unmistakably in the right?' More striking still, the weekly leader writer of the *Sunday Times*, which one would hardly rank as a Liberal organ, comes to Lloyd George's defense with the following keen analysis of the two leaders: —

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'Mr. Lloyd George has great faults. He has many Liberal instincts, but no anchorage in Liberal principles; he is constitutionally and by nature an intriguer, he is slapdash in his mental processes, a very bad judge of men, a despiser of learning and scholarship, and, true Celt that he is, a lover of those short cuts to the Millennium which no true Anglo-Saxon ever believes in. He is not, contrary to the general belief, a good tactician, for he is alternately cautious to timidity and a reckless plunger.

'But when you have enumerated all his faults, the genius is still there, shining the brighter against a dark background. He is the only Liberal for many years that has shown any fertility in ideas or real driving power. Lord Oxford's Liberalism is an attitude of mind; Mr. Lloyd George's a desire to get certain things done. All sorts of people have tried to use him. No one has succeeded, and Mr. Lloyd George remains himself, the unsolved and insoluble equation in politics. These things have to be paid for, and a little insubordination to titular leaders is not too high a price. On the practical side of Liberal politics, he has accomplished far more than ever Gladstone did. Lord Oxford would have been well advised to give him his head and to look the other way from inevitable indiscretions, while prepared to annex any political capital that he might accumulate for the Party. The sensible old Whigs in the Party always did that with the Radicals.

'It is sad to the sentimentalist to think of a great historical English Party becoming a sort of frozen moon in the firmament, but that is how events seem to be shaping themselves. But there might be consolations if you got a Labor Party revivified with a few constructive ideas grown at home, not imported from Germany, and a trade-unionist movement that thought less of taking as much as possible out of the common stock and more of increasing the common stock. Both the virtues and the faults of Mr. Lloyd George might fit him for this service — a greater national service than he rendered even during the war. He will choose his time, but he will sooner or later, one is convinced, make the attempt, and, if he does, his chances of success are good. Not land again, but trade-unionism in its relations to the problems of industry, is his chance.'

*

TORIES BOOST RUSSIA

FOUR Conservative members of Parliament who have recently returned from an unofficial visit to Russia have published a report which the equally Conservative London *Daily Telegraph* characterizes as including 'favorable judgments in most curious and striking contrast with the official reports published from time to time by the organs of the Soviet Government.' For example, they say, 'Russia's present financial policy is sound and almost austere,' and declare that 'not a single foreign trade commitment since the introduction of the present régime has failed to be punctually honored'; and they conclude that 'Russia is capable of presenting a great field for judicious investment of British capital.'

It is quite natural that the *Daily Telegraph* should differ from these findings of its deluded Party comrades by 180 degrees — and it would go still further if geometry permitted. The report, which is about ten thousand words long, characterizes the present régime as stable and likely to stay, and recommends a fourfold British objective with regard to Russia: '(*a*) to check and ultimately to stop anti-

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British propaganda; (*b*) to obtain a recognition by the Russian Government of pre-war private debts; (*c*) to get as much money as possible for the British nationals, to whom such debts are due; (*d*) to increase trade between Britain and Russia for the sake of the British unemployed.'

To be sure, the Commission discovered some unpleasant things in Russia. The administration of justice 'has hitherto been farcical,' and 'the whole system of justice continues to be based purely on politics.' Furthermore, the G. P. U., or secret police, better known in old days as the Cheka, continues to employ 'abominable methods of terrorism,' including 'wholesale arrests, imprisonments, deportations, and even shootings, for purely political offenses.' This is the more inexcusable because Moscow is 'a model city as far as order is concerned.'

The Commission describes the economic system envisaged by the Soviet Government as 'a peasantry based on individualism, exchanging products with an industrial population or proletariat based on Socialism.' And notwithstanding their own political Conservatism, they believe that 'with certain further modifications, this system may not be unsuited to a country of such vast dimensions, such potential productive capacity, and with a population so backward, as Russia, where a high degree of centralization is absolutely necessary.'

Apparently the members viewed with lively approval the Workers and Peasants Government's way of dealing with strikes. For example, when the mechanics in a big railway shop employing some thousands of workers decided upon a strike not long since, 'it did not materialize, owing to the fact that four hundred of the men involved were removed from their homes a couple of nights later by the police and have not since reappeared.'

These die-hard tactics were so reassuring to the British investigators that they expressed the opinion that Russia now affords a desirable opening for the judicious investment of British capital. 'Long-term credits granted in a careful manner by the trade concerned for the purchase of agricultural machinery, textiles, hosiery, and so on, would have an immediate and enormous effect on British trade and on the employment in Great Britain, and a great responsibility rests on all of us who have any say in the matter to see to it that further due consideration is given to this complex question at an early date.'

*

GENERAL GAJDA

Is Czechoslovakia to have a Pilsudski? This is a question that Prague politicians are anxiously asking themselves since the Warsaw coup d'état. For some time an anti-Parliament, anti-Masaryk, anti-Socialist, and anti-agrarian reform Fascist movement has been afoot in the land of John Huss. It is said to receive financial support from Big Business and moral suppor from the Slovak Clericals, and to have picked out for its leader General Gajda, Chief of the General Staff.

That officer is still in the early thirties, but he has a picturesque career behind him. Of humble origin, he emigrated in his youth to Russia, where he was working in a drug store at Kief when the war broke out. Later he took an active part in organizing the Czech Legion, and was one of the commanders of that body during its famous anabasis through Siberia after the Communist revolution. At this time he distinguished himself as a violent enemy of the Bolsheviki and

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supported General Kolchak at Omsk. Later he returned home with his fellow Legionaries, joined the regular army, and was rapidly promoted. He is described as a taciturn, retiring man, whose real opinions and projects are not generally known. He is much talked about but seldom seen, and is a disciplined soldier who has hitherto confined himself strictly to his military duties.

It is rather difficult, therefore, for an outsider to discover why he should be picked out as the probable leader of a military coup. But there is no doubt of the enthusiasm he has aroused among his volunteer, hot-headed admirers, who have been immensely heartened by the success of Pilsudski's adventure in the neighboring capital. A decided sensation was created last month when Mr. Bechyne, former Minister of Railways and the actual leader of the Social Democrats, published in *Pravo Lido*, the principal organ of that Party, a plain-spoken article asking General Gajda to lay his cards on the table, and declaring that any attempt to set up a Fascist dictatorship would be promptly crushed. This challenge was the more impressive because Bechyne had visited President Masaryk the day before, in company with Klosatsch, the leader of the Democratic wing of the Nationalist Socialist Party, who represents the Legionaries who are opposed to unconstitutional political action. It was naturally assumed, therefore, that the article was inspired by Masaryk himself; and it contained this pertinent statement: 'Misled by the phantom of Italy's example, the Black Shirts are attacking the Hradschin (the presidential palace); for the moment, to be sure, only by agitatory speeches, but these are the more reprehensible for being tolerated by the Government police. Masaryk disapproves Czech Fascism. He will liberate the nation from its liberators.'

Nevertheless, most serious-minded people in Czechoslovakia scout the idea of a Fascist outbreak. If attempted it would probably be confined to Prague. No one wants trouble in that city just before the great Sokol gathering scheduled for the end of this month, since political unrest would frighten away tourists. Notwithstanding the prevailing hard times, both the national and the city Government have spent money lavishly upon preparations for this event — more than one and a quarter million dollars for a great athletic field, and half that sum for temporary buildings and municipal improvements to accommodate the visitors. The Sokol stadium will seat one hundred and thirty thousand spectators, and will be large enough to allow more than fourteen thousand athletes to drill inside.

HUNGARIAN COUNTERFEITERS JAILED

After one of the most picturesque criminal trials that Europe has witnessed for a generation, Prince Windisch-Grätz and ex-Chief-of-Police Nadossy have been sentenced at Budapest to four years' imprisonment for counterfeiting French bank notes, and several of their accomplices will be compelled to serve shorter terms. So much for the strictly criminal aspect of a case whose political aspects threaten to disturb public life in Hungary much longer than the term of these sentences. For the trial did not prove indubitably whether Count Bethlen, the Premier, and the rest of the Government were privy to the forgers or not; and their taint will cling to innocent and guilty alike for many years to come. Even ecclesiastical witnesses contradicted each other on the stand. Bishop Mives

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swore that Bishop Zadravecz, one of the accused, had told him that there was no risk — 'Our friend Stefan (Bethlen) knows everything.' Bishop Zadravecz denied on oath that he had made such a statement, and when the two high ecclesiastics were confronted with each other in court each hotly accused the other of perjury.

The Conservative and Centrist press of Germany and Austria greeted the sentences as substantially just, and indeed made considerable ado over their Draconic severity; but the Socialist papers of those countries, and the French press in general, denounced the inadequacy of the punishments inflicted, and stigmatized the trial as a whitewashing procedure. *Vorwärts* predicted that the high-born prisoners would be amnestied within a year. Jules Sauerwein, who has featured the scandal from the first in *Le Matin*, cited a long bill of specifications to show that the trial was a farce, and that the acquittal of several of those alleged to be incriminated was absurd.

*

CHINA'S 'CONSTITUTIONAL' CRISIS

THE military situation has clarified considerably in China. The Christian General has temporarily vanished from the scene, though he is now reported to be on his way back from Moscow, and his lieutenants have retired with their legions to the northwestern provinces. Such fighting as continues is in the west and south and of a local character. Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin nominally control the 'Republic' from Harbin and the Yalu River to the neighborhood of Canton.

But if *inter arma silent leges*, it is hardly possible to assert that the reverse is true in China, and that the voice of the law is heard there as soon as the clash of arms is stilled. In the first place, the utmost uncertainty prevails as to what is the law; and here the two victorious generals are not precisely of a mind. Their difference of opinion goes back to the summer of 1924, and indeed was the nominal reason why they fought each other that year. China adopted a constitution at Nanking in 1912, under the eye of Sun Yat-sen. In 1923–1924 this constitution was amended so radically as to make it virtually a new instrument, under auspices that Chang Tso-lin refused to countenance as legal. The Mukden leader therefore insists that the old constitution is still valid and that the last Parliament and the last President elected under the new constitution possessed no legitimate authority. Wu Pei-fu and his Party, on the other hand, are defenders of the second constitution, and somewhat reluctant champions of the President and Parliament elected under it — although the latter were subservient to General Feng and his Kuominchun army when the latter were in possession of Peking.

At present writing this difference of opinion has not been smoothed over. A Cabinet under Dr. W. W. Yen, a graduate of the University of Virginia, and containing Dr. Alfred Sze and Wellington Koo, both of whom have been Ministers to the United States, — in fact, the former still holds that office, — has been appointed, nominally as a stop-gap, but it is said without the approval of Chang Tso-lin.

An absurd situation has resulted from the fact that this political confusion has come to a head just at the time when two important international bodies, the Tariff Conference and the Extraterritoriality Conference, were dealing with matters affecting China's relations with foreign Powers. That country's official representatives at both Conferences are now scattered far and wide. Indeed, several of the

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most vigorous champions of the abolition of extraterritoriality were among the first to profit by the existence of that institution, during the recent political uncertainties and disorders; for they promptly took refuge in the foreign concessions at Peking, Tientsin, and Shanghai in order to escape their political enemies.

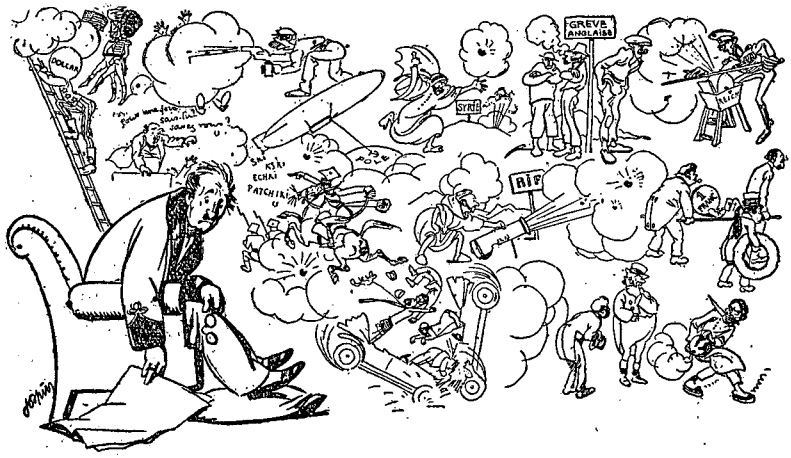
At Canton, General Chang Kai-shek is reported to have overthrown the Canton Communists, to have expelled their Bolshevist military advisers, and to have set up as a conventional tuchun of the Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin type. Almost simultaneously Marshal Sun Chuan-fang, who is governing the five great provinces tributary to Shanghai, and who is said to be an able and strong-handed administrator, has shown a disposition to assert his virtual independence of the Wu Pei-fu–Chang Tso-lin combination. Meanwhile the Kuominchun army, which is now in command of a new Christian General, Chang Chi-kiang, who has succeeded Feng Yu-hsiang but is as strict in his religious practices as his predecessor, has by no means been eliminated from the scene. Late in May it counterattacked the Manchurian army south of Nankow Pass and sent it reeling back to a point within twelve miles of Peking. Colonel Malone, a British army officer who has recently visited both armies, reports: 'There is no doubt that the Kuominchun is the better clothed and better disciplined.' All of which promises to make the momentary clarification of the military situation merely temporary.

✽

MINOR NOTES

In 1913 Germany imported from France one third of the iron ore she used. She now derives less than two per cent from that source. On the other hand, her imports from Sweden have risen from thirty-two per cent in 1913 to more than eighty per cent. German ironmasters originally preferred Lorraine ore on account of the lower freight charges upon it, but have come to realize that Swedish ore is preferable on account of its greater iron content and the smaller amount of coke required to smelt it.

MAY 1926



When the Frenchman Reads His Paper

—*L'Écho de Paris*

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POLAND'S CRISIS AND ITS BACKGROUND[1]

BY CASIMIR SMOGORZEWSKI

BEFORE the war the people of Poland were of two opinions as to how to recover their national independence and unity. One party believed in revolutionary, the other in opportunist, tactics.

The revolutionaries, whose chief was Joseph Pilsudski, staked Poland's cause upon a social revolution which would overthrow the Russian Empire. The opportunists were divided into two groups: in Russian Poland the National Democrats wanted an entente with Russia against Germany; in Austrian Poland the Krakow Conservatives agitated at Vienna against Russia. The World War brought Pilsudski and the Austrian Poles closer together, and the Russian Revolution narrowed the divergencies between all three factions.

Nevertheless the old dissensions, and the personal ambitions associated with them, remained. Pilsudski, when he became Chief of the Polish State, regarded himself as its veritable savior. That offended bitterly the Moderates, whose activities in France and England during the war had been of inestimable service to Poland. Pilsudski's humble origin and Socialist sympathies still further complicated the situation. As a result, the first years of Poland's restored independence were troubled by quarrels between Pilsudski and the Right. The latter denied the Marshal the possession of any good qualities whatsoever, either political or military, and in this they did him an injustice, for it was he who drove back the Red Armies from Warsaw. The old Austrian or Krakow Conservatives, who have given Poland Alexander Skrzynski and General Sikorski, remained neutral. They sympathized at heart with the Marshal, but considered it politic not to offend his adversaries.

The general elections of November 1922 returned a majority for the Parties of the Centre and the Right. Marshal Pilsudski quit Belvedere Palace and became Chief of the Army General Staff. In May 1922 the Right acquired a definite majority through the adhesion of the Peasant Party, whose chief was the shrewd farmer-mayor of a little Galician village, Vincent Witos. The latter became Premier and at once opened an offensive against Pilsudski. He made General Szeptycki, an eminent ex-officer of the Austrian army whom the Marshal detests, Minister of War. Pilsudski promptly slammed the door and resigned from the army, declaring: 'I serve under those scoundrels? Never!'

The ex-protector of Poland thereupon installed himself at Sulejowek, in the neighborhood of Warsaw, where he lived the life of an ordinary country squire. On every St. Joseph's Day — the nineteenth of March — delegations from practically every regiment in the army, and also from the Sharpshooters Association, appeared at his residence to pay him their respects; for he retained his immense popularity among the soldiers.

In December 1923 dissensions in the Peasant Party caused the overthrow of

[1] From *Journal des Débats* (Paris Conservative daily), *May 23, 24, 25*

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the Witos Cabinet, which was succeeded by that of Wladislaw Grabski. The army portfolio was at once given to General Sosnkowski, a personal friend of the Marshal. This was the Cabinet that introduced the zloty and gave the country a stable currency for a time — measures that called for the utmost domestic tranquillity. But in 1924 Grabski put General Sikorski in charge of the Army Office. That officer's military career began in the Pilsudski Legion during the war, and the two men had trouble at that time. Nevertheless General Sikorski was very anxious to get Marshal Pilsudski back into the service, and created the post of Inspector-General for him. But at the same time he methodically set about breaking up the Pilsudski army cliques by shifting assignments and promotions. The Marshal refused the post of Inspector-General and began a bitter campaign against General Sikorski. At the same time he busied himself strengthening his Sharpshooters Association. He had organized this body in 1921, and it includes to-day eleven hundred companies and one hundred and twenty thousand members, of whom about half are peasants and one quarter workingmen. Evidently it is a sort of Fascisti Corps of the Left.

Last November, when the Grabski Cabinet fell, the Marshal made a formal call on President Wojciechowski at Belvedere Palace and bluntly told him that he was opposed to leaving the Army Office in the hands of General Sikorski. He won. Mr. Skrzynski, the Chief of the new Coalition Cabinet, appointed General Zeligowski, who is devoted to the Marshal, Minister of War. Thereupon there was a new shifting of appointments and promotions throughout the service, and any officer who was considered lukewarm toward Pilsudski was posted off to some remote station as far as possible from the capital.

Thus it happened that when the last Cabinet crisis occurred, on the fifth of May, Pilsudski again had the army under his thumb. Both President Wojciechowski and Witos, who had again become Premier, apparently overlooked that fact. When the Marshal organized a military demonstration against Witos, he clearly had no thought of causing bloodshed, but imagined that the President could be frightened into turning that gentleman and his Cabinet out of office.

Pilsudski's action has both a legal and a moral aspect. Legally it was clearly mutiny. Morally it was the revolt of an honest political idealist against cynical and dishonest politicians. The letter of the Constitution has been violated, but a country cannot live in a strait-jacket. Situations sometimes arise when a man or a party believes it is serving its country by taking the law into its own hands. We may condemn their method, but we must respect their intentions.

When the Witos Cabinet took office, on the tenth of May, it had the support of 238 votes out of the 441 in the Chamber. It was, therefore, legally constituted. General Malczewski was appointed Minister of War, and the Marshal had every reason to suppose that army assignments would again be shifted around so as to deprive his followers of all influence in the service. That was the immediate reason for his revolt.

On May 11, the *Kurjer Poranny*, a Radical newspaper that has been the Marshal's mouthpiece, published an interview with him, in which he accused the Cabinet of corruption and immorality. The Government promptly confiscated that issue of the paper and announced through one of its own organs that the slanderer would be

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brought to justice. The same evening a party of Pilsudski's Sharpshooters paraded through the capital shouting: 'The country shall not be robbed. The army shall not be made a Party machine.' They forced their way into the cafés and compelled everyone to rise and shout with uncovered head, 'Long live Pilsudski!' Revolt was in the air.

About two o'clock in the afternoon on the twelfth of May I was in the office of the *Nowy Kurjer Polski*, a Liberal newspaper at Warsaw, talking with the editor, when the telephone rang. Someone had sent in a message reporting that Pilsudski was at Rembertow, a military post six miles east of Warsaw, at the head of the First Regiment of Light Horse, the Seventh Uhlans, and the Thirty-Sixth Regiment of the Line. I hurried to Parliament House. The streets were quiet. It was a magnificent day, and the cafés were crowded. No one suspected a coup d'état. Only a few deputies and reporters were around the Sejm, but they knew what had happened and were serious and silent. We learned that the President was hurrying to the city from his summer residence, and that the Cabinet was already in session. A little later the telephone announced that the Marshal had occupied Praga and the heads of the two highway bridges. The railway bridge was still in the hands of the Government.

At 4 P.M. we went to Poniatowski Bridge, where it was reported the President would see Pilsudski. A few minutes later the presidential automobile drew up and its occupant, pale but resolute, got out. The lieutenant of the First Light Horse saluted. The President gazed at him steadfastly for a moment and asked: 'Do you obey the President, your Commander-in-Chief under the Constitution?'

The officer lowered his eyes without replying. The President then added: 'Summon your chief.'

The officer departed. Fifteen minutes later the Colonel of the Seventh Uhlans appeared. The President asked him the same question, but the Colonel replied evasively, saying that he could only transmit the latter's wishes to the Marshal. M. Wojciechowski thereupon handed him a letter to Pilsudski, requesting the latter to come to the bridge at once. The Colonel departed and the President waited.

Several of us journalists were standing on the bridge. One of our party, a bitter opponent of the Marshal, was moved by curiosity to walk toward the further end, where the Pilsudski officers promptly arrested him.

Another quarter of an hour passed, when a limousine stopped on the other side of the river, some little distance from the bridge. Marshal Pilsudski, in full uniform and accompanied by four officers, got out and came toward us. As he passed his journalistic enemy, he glanced at him for an instant, without any expression of dislike, but rather with surprise, and without saying a word passed on. When he reached the President he halted and smiled like a man who is playing a practical joke on a friend. Wojciechowski and Pilsudski have been intimately acquainted for years, and ordinarily address each other by their first names. But the President was serious. Without extending his hand to the Marshal, he said in a formal voice: 'Marshal, you are taking a terrible responsibility upon yourself. The Government of the Republic will defend the Constitution. It will not tolerate your rebellion. I bid you order your troops to retire.'

The Marshal answered, in a bantering voice: 'My dear Mr. President, that is the simplest thing in the world. Dismiss the Witos Cabinet, and I 'll get out.'

'Impossible!' exclaimed the President. 'It is the lawful Cabinet.'

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Thereupon the Marshal suddenly dropped his bantering tone and said sternly: 'Then I'll make it resign by occupying Warsaw.'

'Reflect a moment. You are rebelling against the Constitution.'

'I have thought it over. I am the First Marshal of Poland. I shall do what I think best.'

'No, you won't. We shall stop you. I promise you that — I, the President of the Republic, freely elected by the National Assembly.'

During this dramatic dialogue Pilsudski had a squadron of the First Light Horse behind him, and the President a company of cadets from the Military Academy. The Marshal abruptly accosted the nearest cadet and asked him sternly: 'Would you fire upon the First Marshal of Poland?'

The young man answered: 'No, sir; but you shall not pass, Marshal, without the authority of the President of the Republic, who is the Commander-in-Chief of both of us.' Saying this, the cadet dropped his rifle with its fixed bayonet to a position of defense. The Marshal read in the eyes of these young men that they would do their duty. He made a short half-circle, and without saluting a person strode slowly away toward Praga. The die was cast.

After his dramatic interview with Marshal Pilsudski on Poniatowski Bridge, President Wojciechowski hastened to Radjiwill Palace, where the Cabinet was sitting, and informed the ministers what had happened. The Cabinet immediately decided to defend the city. The only forces at its disposal, however, were the Thirtieth Regiment of Infantry, which garrisoned the Citadel and was commanded by General Modelski, a friend of General Haller. In addition the Government had the six hundred cadets at the Military Academy, a battery of 75's, the aviation regiment stationed at Mokotow, and the Presidential Guard, consisting of one squadron of horse and one company of infantry. General Rozwodowski, an old Austrian army officer and a bitter adversary of the Marshal, was appointed commander.

He decided to recover the two bridgeheads at once, and started an attack on one of them at 6.30 P.M. Machine-guns rattled, cannon roared, and the Government airplanes, flying very low, watched the movements of the Pilsudski forces. But the attack was easily repulsed and the Government was forced to evacuate Zankowy Square. By eight o'clock Pilsudski's troops had already pushed into the centre of Warsaw. The members of the Cabinet hastily left their offices under the very eyes of the Marshal's soldiers, who did not know what to do, and hastened off in automobiles to Belvedere Palace in the southern part of the city near the Mokotow aviation field.

Pilsudski's troops bivouacked in the Saxon Gardens, in the heart of the capital, while he set up a provisional government. The cadets, who were defending the approaches to the other bridge, finding themselves taken in the rear, retreated southward along Ujazdowska Avenue toward Belvedere Palace. About ten o'clock that night a regular street battle began in the Legation quarter and lasted for two days. The greater part of the city, which was under Pilsudski's control, was a scene of intense activity. The sidewalks were crowded with curious spectators. Pilsudski's partisans organized processions, which marched through the streets cheering for their leader. But the crowd was silent, motionless, and stunned. It was as if a cyclone had suddenly swept over the town and the people had not yet recovered their breath.

The newsboys were the first to profit by the coup d'état. They made little

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fortunes selling extras. The Socialist papers were wild with joy, while those of the Government boldly condemned 'Mr. Pilsudski's sedition,' and assured the people that the constitutional authorities would soon recover control of the situation. Quiet prevailed during the remainder of that night, each party resting on its arms. The Government had just received important reënforcements, in the Tenth and Fifty-seventh Regiments of Infantry, which were reviewed by the President at dawn and immediately moved forward to attack Pilsudski's positions. They pushed down the three principal avenues from the south almost to the centre of the city. Simultaneously Colonel Modelski was to have made a sortie from the Citadel, which is in the extreme northern end of the town. This would have caught the insurgents between two fires and might have put them to rout. But Colonel Modelski, who was not sure of his officers, hesitated. In fact, he was arrested by them later, and the Citadel surrendered to the Marshal.

That afternoon the Marshal received heavy reënforcements in the Vilno division, and decided to counterattack the Government troops at once. Soon the rattle of machine-guns and the din of bursting shells filled the air. This fighting cost three hundred and two killed and one thousand wounded. A majority of the victims were civilians, who owed their fate for the most part to their own imprudent curiosity.

A seventy-five-millimetre gun was posted at the intersection of Marszalkowska Street, the principal commercial artery of the city, and of Hoza Street, and was firing southward toward Mokotow. Two little boys, the employees of a bakery, dressed entirely in white, stood hesitatingly in the doorway, carrying two huge pies in their hands. Addressing the officer who was in command of the gun, they asked: —

'Mr. Lieutenant, can't we deliver these to Piekna Street?'

Rather touched by their naïve request, for Piekna Street was then held by the Government troops, the officer replied gently: —

'I'm afraid not, my boys. You had better scamper home as soon as you can.'

A little farther down the street two young ladies were powdering their faces. One said to the other: —

'Is n't it provoking! We shan't be able to get down to meet Paul and Jack.'

A more dramatic scene occurred a little later when a lady wanted to pass through the lines because her son, who was a Military Academy cadet fighting for the Government, was there and she wished to be with him. The soldiers would n't let her through. Thereupon, turning to the captain in command of a machine-gun battery, and with an expression of unutterable pathos in her voice, she asked: —

'Captain, when will all this stop? Why are you fighting? Why are our Polish people killing each other?'

Visibly moved, the officer turned his head away and replied hoarsely, with tears in his eyes: —

'I do not know, madam, I do not know.'

Then, recovering his self-command, he began to swear furiously at his men.

At eight o'clock in the evening, when the Pilsudski forces were again pushing toward the Belvedere Palace, the two principal Conservative papers, *Gazeta Warszawska* and *Warszawianka*, published special editions containing a proclamation of the Government, which declared, among other things: 'The Belvedere has become the symbol of legality, and of loyalty to the Fatherland and the Constitution.' Optimistic reports had just arrived to the effect

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that the Government had received heavy reënforcements; and the proclamation went on to say that the sedition would speedily be crushed. These papers were printed and freely sold in the section of the capital controlled by Pilsudski's forces. That evening, however, detachments of Pilsudski's Sharpshooters took possession of the offices of both journals and stopped their publication for the next two days.

On the night between the thirteenth and the fourteenth of May Pilsudski prepared to capture the Belvedere Palace itself; and he attacked at dawn. Artillery, machine-guns, and tanks participated in the operation. The Government forces retired contesting every foot of ground. The first building captured was the War Office, where there was fighting with hand grenades in the corridors. The place had already been bombarded with artillery and was pretty badly wrecked. A little later the aviation field, together with practically all the airplanes, was captured, thus depriving the Government of the means of fleeing to Posnan, as Stanislaw Grabski wanted to do at first. Pilsudski's forces, including heavy detachments of his Sharpshooters, immediately followed up this success by a flanking movement against the Palace buildings proper.

The President and the members of the Cabinet were eating a late breakfast when an officer hurried in to tell them that the situation had become precarious. They immediately decided to flee through the Palace Park. A company of the Presidential Guards escorted them to a point where automobiles were waiting. With these they proceeded to Willanow, the famous summer residence of King Sobieski, seven miles south of Warsaw.

Consequently, when Pilsudski's forces entered the Palace at ten minutes past five that afternoon, only the servants were visible. A little later they found the Minister of Railways and the Chief of the President's Civil Cabinet in one of the rooms. These gentlemen had chosen to surrender rather than to trust to the uncertainties of flight. That night the Cabinet resigned, and a little later the President did likewise. Only half an hour afterward a division of troops commanded by General Lados, coming to the support of the Government, arrived from Pomerania. It attacked the capital from the west, but its advance was immediately checked by Pilsudski's artillery. Toward two o'clock the following morning the cannonading stopped. An armistice had been concluded, and the civil war was over.

HEINE'S EPITAPH

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Spectator*]

WRITE me no epitaph — or only this:
'Here Heine lies, who lived, and wrote, and died.
They said he touched the height of earthly bliss,
Who loved and was a poet — but they lied.'

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BLOODY DAYS IN WARSAW[1]

BY A. L. BRZOSKA

WHEN rumors reached Warsaw that certain military detachments in Rembertow, just outside the city, which were under the command of officers devoted to Pilsudski, were in a state of great excitement, cheering that leader, making threats against the Government, and planning to march into the capital, no one attached much importance to the report. We all knew that the President and the Cabinet were bitterly hostile to Pilsudski and his followers, and that the latter were exceedingly wroth at the appointment of a Conservative Ministry with Witos as Premier; nevertheless, we never dreamed that Marshal Pilsudski would resort to violence. Least concerned of all were the President and the new Prime Minister, who never tired of ridiculing the Marshal. The latter had been living in comparative retirement for some time, and they underestimated the peril.

As soon as Premier Witos had taken office the day before, he had ordered *Kurjer Poranny*, the Pilsudski organ in Warsaw, to be confiscated, because it had published an interview between the Marshal and the President in which the former characterized the new Government as a band of thieves. Late the same evening unknown parties fired several shots into Pilsudski's residence at Sulejowek. When the *Przegled Wieczorny* reported this incident the next morning — that is, on May 12 — it likewise was confiscated.

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* (Vienna Conservative daily), *May* 18.

About noon that day we began to hear rumors that Pilsudski had taken command of several military detachments and was moving toward the city. Immediately afterward separate proclamations were issued by the President and by the Cabinet, stating that a few military units stationed in the vicinity of Warsaw had mutinied, and ordering them to return to duty at once. The general public, which first became aware that the situation was serious through these official pronouncements, was enjoined against any action likely to disturb the peace. An extra edition of *Robotnik*, a workers' daily, which was promptly confiscated, contained the first news that Pilsudski was actually marching on the city.

During the afternoon the Marshal occupied the suburb of Praga across the Vistula and the right half of the highway bridges leading to Warsaw. He at once dispatched an ultimatum from this point to the President, bidding him dismiss the Cabinet and threatening to put it out by force if he refused. The President, who was completely under the influence of Witos, took the Cabinet's side, and, imagining that Pilsudski would not go to extremes, tried to prevent violence by visiting the Marshal personally in an automobile and trying to get him to withdraw. Pilsudski stood firm, however, but characterized his action merely as a demonstration. Thereupon the President, indignant at this slight to his official authority, conferred on Witos unlimited power to enforce the authority of the Govern-

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ment. At the latter's bidding, the Minister of War mobilized the Warsaw garrison and ordered it to defend the city against Pilsudski. But he had misjudged the sentiment of the soldiers and their officers, for only the equivalent of one regiment and the cadets in the Military Academy remained on the side of the Government. All the others promptly marched over and joined the Marshal.

About seven o'clock that night the Government troops attacked the 'rebels' with both light and heavy artillery, machine-guns, armored automobiles, and tanks. But the insurgents were well armed, and, speedily taking the offensive, cleared the Government troops away from the Kierbedzia Bridge, captured the Royal Palace and the War Ministry, and hastened to seize the buildings occupied by the General Staff, the City Commandant, and the Cabinet offices.

Pilsudski made one serious strategic blunder. If he had not halted at the bridges when he occupied Praga, but had marched into the city immediately after his negotiations with the President, he could have taken possession of the town and imprisoned the Ministry without bloodshed. Instead of doing that, however, he paused to negotiate after his first success, and issued an appeal to his soldiers to avoid bloodshed as much as possible and to spare the opposing forces. Zeligowski, the former Minister of War, who is now a Pilsudski man, visited the President in order to resume negotiations. Immediately afterward leaders of the Left wing in Parliament likewise called on the Chief Executive with offers to mediate. But the President, who, it should be repeated, was completely under the influence of Witos, rejected Zeligowski's overtures and bluntly refused to receive the Parliamentary delegation. A third effort was made to reach an agreement through the Speaker of the House, or 'Marshal of Parliament,' as he is called in Poland, which likewise ended in a fiasco, since Witos would not permit this official even to see the President. The Premier felt that his political career would be ended for all time if he yielded an inch. So he and the other members of the Cabinet fled in automobiles, attended by an escort of policemen, to Belvedere Palace, where they rallied such supporters as remained to them and made plans for defense.

By eleven o'clock that evening the whole city, with the exception of the aviation field, the Citadel, Belvedere Palace, the Cadet School, Parliament House, and the streets in their immediate vicinity, were already in the hands of Pilsudski and his soldiers. The Marshal appointed General Orlitz-Drescher City Commander and General Burchardt Chief of Staff, and placed military guards at all public buildings and the railway stations. Infantry and cavalry units were bivouacked in the streets and parks. These were reënforced by many armed civilians, so-called 'Pilsudski Sharpshooters,' machine-gun detachments, armored automobiles, and batteries of light artillery. Munition trains, field kitchens, baggage wagons, ambulances, and the like, crowded the streets. The scene recalled the days of the World War when the victorious Germans swept into Warsaw, except that now civilians and soldiers chatted together good-naturedly, discussing excitedly the latest events. Here and there one heard cheering and shouts of, 'Long live Pilsudski,' 'Down with Wojciechowski,' 'Down with Witos.' The regular police confined themselves to keeping traffic moving and maintaining order. But they were in a rather embarrassing situation in dealing with the Pilsudski Sharpshooters. Since the town was under martial law, they had

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no authority over these armed civilians, and had to put up with their defiance as best they could. Ordinary telephone and telegraph service ceased and railway traffic was at a standstill. Pilsudski's staff telegraphed to Poland's representatives abroad that the Marshal had taken over the Government.

During the next two days, May 13 and 14, there was lively street fighting. On Ascension Day, the Government troops, reënforced by two regiments from Posen, attacked Pilsudski's forces. They fortified themselves behind trenches and barricades, which were valiantly defended by Military Academy cadets and over which there were even bayonet charges. They also attacked Pilsudski's troops from the suburbs and compelled the latter to retire for a time to the interior of the city, where they rallied and counterattacked that evening. Pilsudski already had more than sixteen regiments at his command, besides several thousand armed Scouts, detachments of engineers, and transport battalions. Four regiments of infantry, the aviation corps, and the cadets of the officers' and noncommissioned officers' schools fought for the Government. Pilsudski's forces, which were increasing hourly, were soon in full possession of all the approaches and suburbs of the city, except Mokotow and Wilanow, and thus effectively cut off the Government from outside reënforcements.

Lively fighting also occurred between pro-Government civilians and the Pilsudski troops. The former fired on the soldiers and the street crowd from windows and balconies — in some cases with machine-guns. All such windows, and later all open windows in the main streets, were raked by soldiers with rifle, machine-gun, and light-artillery fire. In several cases people were dragged out of the houses and some were lynched on the spot. This house-to-house fighting explains why so many civilians, including women and children, were killed or seriously wounded. The bitterest conflicts occurred in Avenue Ujazdowska, Nowowiejska and Koszykowa Streets, and in the Square of the Redeemer. Many buildings were badly damaged. Those worst battered by artillery and machine-gun fire were the offices of the War Ministry in Nowowiejska Street, which were successively lost and recovered several times by the Pilsudski and the Government troops. On the afternoon of May 13 Pilsudski's forces captured Fort Modlin and the Citadel, with great supplies of ammunition. Their commander, Modlewski, was taken prisoner. The garrison and its officers went over to Pilsudski.

As a rule the Polish soldiers fought bravely. But the fighting was naturally attended by many deplorable episodes. For instance, about five o'clock one morning a first lieutenant was seriously wounded in Koszykowa Street, and was left lying where he fell until he died at seven o'clock in the evening, without anyone lifting a finger to aid him during his fourteen hours of suffering. On another occasion a wounded captain lay in the firing zone for sixteen hours until he died, without anyone coming to his relief. Ambulance men repeatedly refused to go to the help of the wounded under fire. Machine-guns were masked in windows and behind the gables of churches, hospitals, and private houses, from which they fired upon the troops.

During the fighting the Church of the Redeemer and the Ujazdowska Hospital were seriously damaged and several sick people and nurses wounded. Airplanes commanded by General Zagorski, who remained loyal to the Witos Government, flew over the city, raking the streets and squares with machine-gun fire and dropping bombs. Many civilians were killed and many houses were damaged in this way.

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I must confess that Pilsudski's forces conducted themselves far better than the Government's troops, although we must bear in mind that the latter were fighting against heavy odds. Public opinion, however, refused to take that extenuating circumstance into account, and swung heavily against the Witos forces as a result. Except for firing from windows and roofs, Fascisti, Monarchists, and other civilian supporters of the Government took no part in the actual fighting.

Pilsudski issued a public proclamation in which he represented his action as intended to be at the outset merely a political demonstration, but declared that, since President Wojciechowski and Premier Witos had resorted to bloodshed, he had been forced to assume dictatorial powers. He appointed General Slawoj-Sladkowski Commissar of State, the former Chief of Police Commander of the Police, a former railway minister Railway Commissar, and the Polish Ambassador to Angora, who chanced to be in Warsaw on leave, Commissar of Foreign Affairs. These were mere temporary appointments, however, until a regular Cabinet could be formed. On the first evening after the uprising the Social Democratic Party and the Executive Committee of the Warsaw Federated Labor Unions issued a proclamation calling for a general strike in protest against the Witos Cabinet and the President, and as a manifestation in favor of Pilsudski. Employees in hospitals, bakeries, electric-light works, and the waterworks were expressly excepted from the order. Consequently all industry was at a standstill the following day. Banks, public offices, the Post Office, and the railway stations were closed.

When Pilsudski's troops pushed their offensive, on the fourteenth of May, they captured in quick succession the aviation field, Parliament House, the suburb of Mokotow, and the barricades held by the Government troops, and finished the job that afternoon by taking Lazienki Park, the Cadet School, and Belvedere Palace. Thereupon the Government forces retired to Wilanow. According to official figures, more than one hundred corpses and some seven hundred seriously wounded people were lying that night in the hospitals of Warsaw. The dead and wounded in private houses would fully double this figure.

Up to the last moment the President and Premier Witos remained at Belvedere Palace, which they left in the afternoon of the fourteenth, fleeing with a strong guard to Wilanow. Upon reaching that point they summoned Maciej Rataj, the Speaker of the House, where the President, the Premier, and the Cabinet placed their resignations in his hands. The Speaker immediately called together representatives of the different factions in the Sejm and notified them, in the presence of Pilsudski, of what had happened. Orders were immediately issued for an armistice between the contending forces. Marshal Pilsudski promptly sent the President a passport issued in his private name, without a title, authorizing him to return home. Premier Witos and the commanders of the Government forces were interned at Wilanow.

As soon as these formalities were out of the way, the troops from the provinces were sent back to their garrisons, the general strike was called off, and on May 15 Warsaw slowly began to recover its normal appearance. It took some time, however, for the railways to resume operation; and the street cars could not begin running for three days on account of the damage done to their tracks and trolley poles. On the first evening after the fighting stopped, however, theatres and movie shows were as crowded as ever.

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WHY POLAND IS A PROBLEM[1]

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

PILSUDSKI's coup is the outcome of the prolonged struggle of two factions among the Polish army leaders, which in recent months found expression in the throwing up of commissions, challenges to duels, virulent letters to the press, and so on. The struggle is personal and political, though occasionally attempts were made to disguise it as a clash between different military schools; Pilsudski and his followers, the old revolutionaries of 1905 and legionaries of 1914, are in conflict with generals taken over from the old Austrian army, such as Sikorski and Szeptycki, and Haller, whom M. Dmowski's National Committee had chosen for its military champion. The coup is besides an expression of the old anarchical Polish spirit which unfortunately is not absent from the new Republic. About a year ago, for example, the Polish Government agreed with the Soviets to exchange certain prisoners. A Polish noncommissioned officer who escorted two Bolsheviki to the frontier disapproved of the agreement, and therefore killed them. A few weeks ago, a late Postmaster-General and President of the Post Office Savings Bank was tried in the Warsaw law courts for alleged financial irregularities. The day before the conclusion of the trial he was shot dead in the street by a noncommissioned officer who had made up his mind about his guilt but feared that he might be acquitted. Lately a Cabinet was formed of which the Pilsudski group disapproved, and so some generals marched on Warsaw and forced it to resign.

We do not know as yet whether Marshal Pilsudski was the prime mover in the coup or whether he had put himself at the head of his overzealous military adherents simply to save them from the consequences of their action. It remains also to be seen whether the troops from Posnania, the stronghold of Pilsudski's enemies, will ultimately accept the accomplished fact or whether they will proceed to active resistance. Assuming that Pilsudski succeeds in establishing a new Government, all that can be said is that the resignation of the Witos Cabinet could have been obtained by very different methods and at a much smaller cost, for it is not possible to believe that M. Witos was so very keen on office when only a few days earlier he had declined to proceed with the task of forming a Government. But 'success' having been achieved — what next?

Pilsudski has spent his best years as a revolutionary, who called himself a Socialist, fighting in constant danger of life for his ideal, the resurrection of Poland. But when the new Poland had arisen, it was vastly different in character from that of his dreams. In disgust he withdrew into private life, and watched developments with ever-growing bitterness. He is tired of the political muddles which have marked the seven and a half years of Poland's existence, of the incompetence of the Polish Diet, of the inefficiency shown

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *May* 29

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by the fourteen successive Cabinets, of the corruption prevalent in the Polish civil service and army administration which has found public expression in a series of financial scandals in the law courts. But how does Pilsudski propose to cure the inefficiency of the Polish Diet by constitutional methods, or to form an efficient Cabinet where the men and means are obviously lacking? As to the civil service, before one can enforce decency one has to pay a living wage. But when a few years ago British experts were sent to Warsaw to reorganize the Polish police and rightly insisted on proper pay as the first step in reform, the Poles answered, with equal justification, that they could not pay salaries to policemen higher than those of senior officials. Where is the money to be got for the necessary scaling-up of pay, which would, of course, have to be extended to the innumerable army officers and noncommissioned officers.

There are two hopeless elements in Poland's situation. The first is that she has excessively extended her frontiers, so as to include over ten and a half million non-Poles in a population of twenty-seven millions. To maintain her dominion over the vast stretch of ethnic Russian lands in the East, and over the Corridor and Upper Silesia in the West, she has to keep up an army far in excess of her financial capacities. Her own army will peacefully ruin her before her opponents move a single battalion. Still, Pilsudski, its creator and an out-and-out militarist, is the last man to reduce it.

But even without this excessive expenditure, Poland's economic and financial position would be very serious indeed. The industry of the late 'Russian' Poland grew up within the tariff barriers of the old Russian Empire and worked for its wide and rich markets, in which it enjoyed a preferential position such as it can never obtain in the future. With the loss of these markets it has lost its natural basis. The Upper Silesian industry, on the other hand, has grown up in the very closest union with Germany, and the partition of the country meant a severe blow to both. But while the Germans, with their superior efficiency, and better position with regard to world trade, are managing to readjust themselves to the new situation, the Polish part of Upper Silesia is doomed. Nor is the position of Poland's agriculture better than that of its industry. 'German' Poland has lost its preferential position in the adjacent Berlin market, Galicia has lost it in Vienna and Bohemia; and at present Polish agriculture, as a commercial enterprise, has ceased to pay. Moreover, the threat of 'agrarian reform' hangs over the heads of the big landowners who in the past were the chief producers for export. An atmosphere of uncertainty pervades the economic life of the Polish countryside.

Last but not least comes the problem of emigration. Before the war from the territories now included in Poland at least sixty thousand Jews and a hundred thousand peasants emigrated to America every year, which, besides easing the position at home, produced a continuous inflow of money remitted by the emigrants to their families or brought back by peasants returning to their native villages. Twelve years have passed since this mass emigration came to an abrupt end, and the inflow of American and Canadian money, which formed a most important item in Polish finance, is ebbing. Moreover, before the war, every summer many hundred thousand Polish peasants used to go as season laborers to Germany; now Germany does not require them to the same extent, and anyhow prefers to do without them. It was possible to establish wide frontiers for Poland with the help of French bayonets, but economically

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Poland cannot exist without the goodwill of Germany and Russia, which she is not likely to obtain with her present frontiers. Emigration to France, which at one time absorbed some of Poland's surplus in men, has practically ceased, and anyhow was never a sufficient substitute for that to America and Germany. In the absence of a demand for laborers from abroad, passports are rightly refused by the Polish Government. As a result the absurd but sinister rumor has gone about villages that it is the landlords who are trying forcibly to keep the peasants at home for their own profit; and it is whispered that 'blood will flow.'

If the agrarian reform hangs like a menace over the heads of the big landowners, it dangles as an irritating, unfulfilled promise before the eyes of the peasants. For more than seven years it has been 'legislated' about; still, so far very little indeed has been done. But how is it to be done? If the peasants had money with which to pay for the land, the big landowners, in their present truly distressed economic position, would be only too glad to sell it at even much less than reasonable prices. But the peasants have not got the money, least of all those who need the land most. If, therefore, confiscation on a practically Bolshevist basis is to be avoided, the land has to be bought for the peasants by the State. Where is the Polish State to find the means for a transaction of such magnitude?

Pilsudski's coup was acclaimed, welcomed, even provoked, by the Parties of the Left, the Socialists and the Radical Peasants. They will expect him to pay them the price of their support. How can he possibly do it? And if he does not, what will be the result of the disappointment? For some time his very great personal prestige may keep the masses in check; but how long? If in a rich country like France, faced by an exclusively fiscal crisis, a Napoleon were to arise, he could set things right within six months. But Pilsudski is not a Napoleon, although his admirers have worked up about him an almost Napoleonic legend. He is not an administrator, nor does he understand economics; and Poland is not France. Pilsudski's first attempt at forming a Government from his own followers, in November 1918, failed because they proved to be admirers who did nothing except adore him and live on the capital of his personal prestige. After some two months he was glad to be rid of them and summon a Cabinet composed of his previous political opponents. These were not much more efficient, but at least the discredit did not fall on him. The other reason why the first attempt at a Pilsudski Government failed was that it was deliberately sabotaged by the Parties of the Right, which have on their side the middle classes, practically the entire bureaucracy, and the whole of late German-Poland. This sabotage will infallibly be repeated. If Pilsudski were a Mussolini, he might perhaps break down such resistance, but then, fighting the bourgeoisie, he would finish as a Lenin; he is not the one, and will not become the other.

The entire experiment will probably end in miserable failure, which in the very best case will leave the prestige of the one great man in Poland much impaired, the Constitution shaken, a fatal precedent set, the Polish army still further drawn into politics, — which have been its curse from the very beginning, — the nation still more divided, and the econonic position even more hopeless than it was before the coup. It is reported that Pilsudski feels depressed. One cannot wonder.

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POLAND'S ECONOMIC IMPASSE[1]

BY E. VARGA

[This article was written a few days before Pilsudski's coup d'état.]

Poland's business depression, which has now lasted without a break for two years, has become increasingly serious during the last three months. Its present phase has several peculiar features. During the earlier stages of the crisis the stagnant market for Polish manufactures, and the unemployment that accompanied it, were ascribed to the stabilization of the currency. But to-day stabilization is a thing of the past. After a period of minor fluctuations late in March, the dollar suddenly began to mount higher during April, until it reached ten and eleven zloty, which is equivalent to a depreciation of fifty per cent in the value of the latter unit. Remarkably enough, however, this fall in the value of the money did not bring with it the usual symptoms of inflation, for it was not the result of an increase in the circulating medium. In fact, between December 1925 and March of the present year the total circulation of bank notes and treasury bills, taken together, actually decreased in round numbers from 815 million zloty to 773 million zloty.

Consequently we are in the presence of acute depreciation without an increase in the circulating medium. The dollar is rising, although there is a great scarcity of local currency. On the other hand, however, prices have quickly accommodated themselves to the fall of the zloty. In other words, Poland simultaneously exhibits the contradictory symptoms of a stabilization crisis with a shortage of capital and credit, and of an inflation crisis with a sudden rise of prices.

Foreign exchange has gone to pieces, although a favorable trade balance has been secured by increasing exports and ruthlessly discouraging imports. Between July 1925 and February 1926 imports declined from 173 million zloty to 69 million zloty, while exports simultaneously increased from 87 million zloty to 131 million zloty.

As the result of the high prices at home, caused by the rapid adjustment of quotations to the foreign rating of the zloty, plus the lack of a circulating medium, Polish manufacturers are unable to compete in foreign markets. The increase in exports, consequently, is due to larger shipments abroad of agricultural products. In fact, so much grain has been sent out of the country that a serious food shortage is feared before the next harvest is gathered. On the other hand, the Government's Draconic measures to curtail purchases abroad have reduced the imports, not only of luxuries, but also of essential raw materials, so that Polish manufacturers are seriously embarrassed for want of metals, wool, and cotton. This applies to industries employing iron and steel, and in a higher degree to the textile manufacture. In fact, so serious is the situation of the spinners that several firms have migrated to other

[1] From *Die Rote Fahne* (Berlin official Communist daily), *May* 16

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countries. Some twenty of these, though mostly smaller enterprises, have removed to Rumania, taking their skilled operatives with them; and we now hear of proposals to move several factories from Yugoslavia. Considerable sales of idle textile machinery have been made by local spinners and weavers to French manufacturers, and also to Italian firms. Simultaneously the title to other factories is passing to foreigners. Already one of the largest woolen mills in Lodz is in the hands of its foreign creditors, to whom its owners were hopelessly indebted for raw materials.

As a result of this industrial crisis unemployment is mounting rapidly. The number of idle workers officially registered increased between November 1925 and March 1926 from 219,000 to 354,000, which indicates that about four industrial operatives out of every ten are without a job. This does not tell the whole story, however, for more than half of the people nominally employed are working short time. As a result, riots of the unemployed, some of which are attended by bloodshed, occur almost daily; for only a part of those in enforced idleness are on the dole.

Since Poland has a favorable trade balance, and since there has been no inflation of the currency, the fall of the zloty can be explained only by the hopeless condition of the public finances and the failure of the Government to secure loans abroad. The Budget is in a deplorable state, in spite of strenuous efforts to economize. Although, according to official figures, public expenditures have been cut down within three months from 217 million zloty to 122 million zloty, the revenues have shrunk during the same period from 181 million zloty to 114 million zloty. The Treasury is absolutely empty, and it is a serious problem to find money to pay the salaries of the Government's employees.

Negotiations between the Polski Bank and an American consortium for a loan guaranteed by the tobacco monopoly have fallen through. Professor Kemmerer, to be sure, was most optimistic as to Poland's financial future, but his opinion extracted no money from the pockets of doubtful bankers. Consequently the supply of foreign bills in the Polish Central Bank is completely exhausted. Since Polish exporters naturally prefer under present conditions to keep most of the proceeds from their shipments on deposit abroad, the demand for such bills inevitably exceeds the supply. Eager bidding for them has therefore raised their price and depressed correspondingly the value of the zloty. Last February the Polish Bank pledged its gold reserves to the amount of a million pounds sterling to the Bank of England in order to satisfy the exigent demand for foreign bills. The Government hoped by this measure to peg the zloty at 7.30 to the dollar, which was its value at that date; but the effort proved futile.

Consequently Poland's economic situation is extremely precarious. It is no exaggeration to say that her business mechanism is completely out of gear. Her experience certainly affords an interesting object lesson for other countries that are trying to stabilize their currency upon a gold basis.

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BISECTING THE ARCTIC [1]

BY F. RAMM

[THIS is a translation of a private telegram to *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, dated, 'On board the Norge in the vicinity of Nome, May 14.']

ON Thursday morning at 8.55 A.M. the Norge rose with a cargo of twelve tons, including fuel, from King's Bay, Spitzbergen. Before we left Amsterdam Island we corrected our compass by solar observations and wireless signals, so that, in order to facilitate our later radiogonometric tests, we might follow close to the meridian that passes through the King's Bay wireless station. We navigated through broad sunshine except for the last hour before we reached the Pole. This part of our journey offered nothing of especial interest, since all the land we sighted had already been flown over by the Amundsen-Ellsworth expedition last year. Our course was constantly regulated by radiogonometric checks, and by observations of longitude whenever the sun was in a favorable position.

By half-past two next morning we were able to ascertain by a successful solar observation that we had arrived over the Pole. Our vessel descended to a lower elevation. We throttled down the motors, and Amundsen, Ellsworth, and Nobile threw over the national flags of their respective countries. These were attached to sharp-pointed steel staffs, which stuck upright in the ice and remained there. During this ceremony the crew of the Norge stood with bared heads. The fluttering banners on the glistening ice below made a wonderful picture.

We circled over the Pole and turned in the direction of Point Barrow. Everyone was on the alert to discover land, for we were crossing a tract of the globe's surface more than twelve hundred miles long which had never before been seen by human eye. About seven o'clock we reached the Ice Pole, which is regarded as the most difficult point of access on the earth's surface, and shook hands joyously over our achievement.

Soon afterward a dense fog compelled us to ascend to a great elevation, but frequent apertures in the cloud blanket enabled us to see large stretches beneath. We were unable to make out any land. Heavy clouds gathered above us, and gradually sank down until they mingled with the fog below, compelling us to continue blindly through the mist.

This was the beginning of the most anxious part of our journey. We sank to a lower elevation, but encountered a snowstorm. When we ascended to get out of that, frost gathered on the cordage and outer metal portions of the airship and rapidly accumulated into a thick coating of ice. The cloud-bank was so high that we could not ascend above it without too great a sacrifice of gas. We kept experimenting, however, with different altitudes, keeping a sharp eye on the temperature and the ice accumulation, but found no level where we escaped this impediment

[1] From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal Republican daily), *May* 17

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entirely, and so continued on our course as best we could. The ice that had gathered on our cordage and on the outside of the motor gondolas fell off in pieces, striking the propellers, which batted it against the vessel's side. Other ice, which had formed on the propellers themselves, was likewise hurled in all directions. Consequently we passed several hours of extreme anxiety, during which the whole crew was constantly on the watch to repair holes in the outer skin and the gas bags. Luckily the gas bags had been made extra strong in contemplation of this very possibility; but we could never be sure that they would hold out. We no longer scanned the pack ice beneath us with purely Plantonic feelings, but with a lively appreciation of the fact that it might become our only highway to safety. Finally atmospheric conditions improved somewhat and we were able to take a course beneath the clouds which was comparatively free from moisture.

Our magnetic compass exhibited erratic variations because the deviation kept changing. Now and then, however, the sun would pierce the clouds and enable us to take an observation. Our sun compass, which was fastened outside the gondola, had become a block of ice and was useless. Just as we crossed the Alaska coast a little west of Point Barrow, however, we were able to determine a north-and-south course by solar observations; but we did not know our latitude, because the fog had prevented our seeing the earth below to estimate our speed. Consequently, about forty-eight hours after leaving King's Bay, we took a course approximately parallel with the Alaska coast. A rising wind from behind increased our speed, but it was very misty, and the deep snow concealed the contour of the land; so we rose to a higher elevation, hoping to sight more favorable atmospheric conditions farther south. Nothing resulted from this, and we later descended closer to the ground, although at some risk of driving headlong into a mountain-side through the dense fog.

We continued navigating more or less blindly in this manner until finally a lucky solar observation indicated that we were directly over Bering Strait. We now struck a moist air current which deposited ice rapidly on the outer envelope of the airship. This was a much greater danger than it had been a few hours before, because we had already exhausted our patching materials.

It was therefore decided to land at the first opportunity. We headed directly toward the east, but soon discovered that this carried us over open water and then across an ice field. Conditions seemed no better farther south. We therefore steered a little more to the northward, where ice conditions seemed to be better, but we made slow progress.

During the last night of our journey we signaled constantly, hoping to ascertain our position from some wireless station, but in vain. Finally we found ourselves again over land, and saw several Eskimo huts. We attempted to descend in order to inquire our position, but violent squalls prevented. Thereupon we ascended through the clouds to an elevation where we could ascertain our latitude by a solar observation. In doing so we drifted a considerable distance inland, so that we required a full hour to regain the coast after descending to a lower level.

The fog was now exceedingly dense, but we began to hear the wireless apparatus at Nome receiving signals from some other station, and were able to ascertain our approximate position from that. Conjecturing that we were about over Cape Prince of Wales, we turned northwest, following the coast

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line; but the wind from the mountains was exceedingly violent and tossed us about incessantly, so that our barograph needle danced around like that of a seismograph during an earthquake. Again we lost our exact position, for the violent tossing of the vessel did not permit us to descend low enough to see the earth through the mist. As the wind continued to increase in force, we finally decided to land at Teller and not to try to reach Nome, as the terrain seemed to be fairly good at the former point. But we all knew what it meant to moor our vessel in such weather without assistance from the earth, and were prepared for the worst.

Our first supper in Teller was an unforgettable event. The hot coffee tasted like ambrosia, for every member of the Norge's crew had suffered intensely from the cold for hours at a time, especially when the fog was the worst and the air was filled with moisture. The moment we opened a cabin window to make an observation a dank, chill mist would pour in and fill the cabin, making the work of the observers, who had to manipulate their instruments with bare hands, exceedingly difficult.

No sooner was our ship safely on land than we tried to get into connection with the wireless station at Nome, in order to notify the world that we were safe. But the Teller station had not been working for two years, and we signaled for several hours without result. It was not until we had repaired our own sending apparatus, twenty-four hours later, that we established a connection. It was rather exciting during the interval to keep picking up signals calling for the Norge, showing that we were supposed to be drifting over the ocean farther south.

Amundsen, Ellsworth, and Wisting immediately left Teller, and will await the other members of the expedition at Nome. We leave as soon as the airship is completely dismantled. Amundsen and his two companions drove out over the ice with dog sleds for more than twenty miles before they reached open water. A big three-ton motor boat which is to take them to Nome had to be hauled the same distance by dog sleds.

During our flight every member of the crew was so busy with his duties, navigating, steering, and attending to the wireless and the motors, that no one had time to think of danger. We now realize how narrowly we escaped destruction, and how largely we owe our safety to a combination of good luck and wise prevision. Probably we were in greatest danger when we were crossing Alaska at a low altitude in a violent northwestern storm and nearly lost our course. The big ship was carried along only one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet above the ground at a rate of nearly sixty miles an hour. The ice- and snow-covered landscape flew past us as rapidly as it does through the windows of an express train.

Before Amundsen left us, every member of the expedition offered him his services for a new exploration. Our leader answered: 'When I was a young man I made up my mind to travel over the whole world, to reach both Poles, and to make the Northwestern and the Northeastern Passages. I have done all that. Another generation can now take a hand.'

We have been hard at work taking the vessel to pieces and packing it in boxes to be shipped back to Rome, where it will be reassembled. It received only minor injuries during the landing, and can easily be rebuilt. But the first day was spent resting up from our seventy-one hours of arduous labor.

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Riiser Larsen, to whom was confided the difficult task of navigating the vessel, steered her safely over an unknown course through fog and snow, and against violent head winds, and, although he had but fragmentary observations to guide him, was able to report to Amundsen and Ellsworth, forty-six hours after we left King's Bay, that Point Barrow on the coast of Alaska was in sight.

Colonel Nobile watched with tireless attention every manœuvre of the vessel and every movement of its complicated machinery. The result of the flight fully justified the wise provisions he had made for a winter journey. He had foreseen with remarkable prescience the very difficulties and dangers that we actually encountered. For example, had he not anticipated the possibility that ice from the propeller would be thrown against the side of the vessel, and strengthened the gas bags of that section of her hull to provide against this, we should probably have been forced to land on the polar ice.

Wisting, the quartermaster of the Norge, had but four hours' sleep during our whole period in the air. Gottwaldt, Storm, and Johnsen, our radio operators, were almost continuously at their apparatus, taking meteorological observations and trying to pick up messages from wireless stations. As long as our antennæ and generators were free from ice we were in continuous touch with land stations and knew precisely where we were. The Italian members of our crew, — Cecioni, Arduino, Caratti, Poella, and Allessandrini, — and also Omdal, were in almost constant attendance on our motors, utilizing the brief periods when they were off duty to assist in patching the vessel's skin.

Our provisions consisted of buttered bread, hard-boiled eggs, meat, and cake, all of which froze solid. Indeed, even the coffee and tea in our thermos flasks were cold.

NEW LIGHT ON WORDSWORTH[1]

BY J. L. GARVIN

Long since Professor de Selincourt put lovers of poetry in debt by his indispensable editions of Keats and Spenser. He now enriches the obligation past price by a book like a landmark not hereafter to be removed. For the study of English poetry in an age of rebirth, revelation of its dominant poetic genius in the morning of the romantic movement, this recovery of original documents is easily the chief event of its kind in recent years. With the permission and help of Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, the poet's grandson, Mr. de Selincourt has investigated and collated all the manuscript copies of *The Prelude*. He solves the long-lingering mystery concerning a work marvelous in its imaginative passages and standing by itself in literature as an autobiography of the spirit. It was not issued until immediately after Words-

[1] From the *Observer* (London Moderate Sunday paper), *May 2*

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worth's death at the age of eighty. For half his lifetime and more he had reserved it from the world.

Those who, like the present writer, own the first edition as published by Moxon in 1850 reckon it among their beloved possessions. There was reason to suspect from the beginning that when the prophet of Nature became a pillar of orthodoxy he tampered with the earlier record of his vehement youth and revolutionary fervors, and no less with his fresher style.

In our time suspicion became certainty. Now at last we have all the evidence, personal and literary. Professor de Selincourt prints on opposite pages the text as we have hitherto known it, and the poem as read to Coleridge at Coleorton over forty years before, about the end of 1806. The changes, suppressions, and late additions are shown. Alternative readings are given from the other manuscripts and fragmentary drafts. The introduction is a full account of the material and a thorough analysis of its meanings. At the end there is a long array of notes explaining the origin of particular passages and their relationship to Lake Country scenes. We notice only one small error. In the passage

> . . . the sky,
> Never before so beautiful, sank down
> Into my heart and held me like a dream

the printer has slipped in an 'and' of his own after 'beautiful' and spoiled the line. The whole is a masterpiece of minute and exhaustive editing, — a foundation work for the restudy of Wordsworth, — embodying more faithful pains than readers not specially interested in the subject can easily appreciate or conceive. But the others, when they close the book, can see that not only labor in the usual sense has gone into it. Life has gone into it. The infinite pains have been devoted to a labor of exceeding love.

Let us take the personal problem first. Without this new self-given light upon it the literary question cannot be understood. What Wordsworth wrote of another was true of himself: —

> Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
> Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
> Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free.

The vision and faculty divine of his earlier genius, differing almost inexplicably from anything there had been in the world before, abide with us undimmed. After the war began we turned to him again — well for us had we continued — when all other utterance failed. But the convention about Wordsworth as the ideal respectable man has long since been demolished. It was a colossal myth. By comparison with Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, even Keats, the author of 'Tintern Abbey,' 'Peel Castle,' and the rest of the lyrical miracles, the author of the sonnets next to Shakespeare's, — or, as some think, above, — was shown to the world as a moral monument representing some unique British secret of well-regulated conduct and safe opinions. Then Professor Émile Legouis discovered his youthful romance — that he loved too well a lady in France, that they had the child Caroline, whose French descendants are still living, and that he behaved afterward much more like a cautious self-preserver than a gallant man. Professor Harper's biography of him showed that the earlier ardors of one who became the consecrated oracle of the higher kind of safe men had been those of a kindled revolutionary. He of all men was for a time antipatriot and pro-French.

What of it? At Orléans or Blois he met Annette Vallon, five years older than himself. He was not yet twenty-

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two. He was a very young and unprepared person in delirious circumstances. The atmosphere of France at the beginning of 1792 was enough to turn the head and bosom of any young islander exalted to the snows and stars by idealizing imagination but charged with repressed emotion and full of physical susceptibility. These things make him far more interesting as a human being and intelligible as a poet. We understand how he accumulated wisdom by a rapid intensity of enraptured and lacerating experiences. His practical control was never shaken again, and by degrees his poetic temperament attained serene sovereignty.

Driven back to England, as he says in his blank way, by 'want of funds,' he was indeed in dire poverty. Soon he knew himself the father of a French child and knew he ought to be the husband of a French woman. To a poet in the making these are considerable ideas. Naturally he was in violent love with France itself. In this situation the two countries went to war. That disaster he had never dreamed of anticipating. To him it was earthquake and devastation — an inward convulsion such as he never knew before or after. He thought Pitt's policy wicked. He longed at first for the defeat of his own country. In the original version, as Mr. de Selincourt shows, he felt and wrote things that in these days would have earned him the name of pro-Boche or Bolshevik. He declared of an English Cabinet that they

> Thirsted to make the Guardian Crook of Law
> A tool of Murder. . . .
> Giants in their impiety alone,
> But, in their weapons and their warfare, base
> As vermin working out of reach, they leagu'd
> Their strength perfidiously to undermine
> Justice, and make an end of Liberty.

All this was toned down decorously in the poem as we have had it hitherto; and Wordsworth, we find, fabricated much later in life the laudatory passage, 'Genius of Burke!' whom for reasons of love and politics alike he must have loathed as the archreactionary during the period described in the eleventh book of *The Prelude*. He learned more and more that Burke was an Isaiah in his splendor of warning and sense of futurity. Against aggressive and despotic France, Wordsworth becomes an indignant patriot and gradually a broad Conservative. Accordingly he, like Burke, has been called an apostate. It is a partisan imbecility. This 'Tory Chartist' was in favor of popular education and county franchise for the rural laborer half a century before those reforms were granted. When his whole heart and intellect came back to his own country, his inspired sonnets uttered the soul of high patriotism and ordered liberty, and expressed the grandeur and pathos of historic tradition with an imaginative power and a moral glory that no poet of England or of any nation has excelled.

For the first time the original version on Professor de Selincourt's left-hand pages shows the intensity of the agony that swayed the young man torn between love and prudence, between his utter Englishness and his revolutionary enthusiasm, his passion for the country of the woman who ought to have been his wife and where a French child was his daughter. Nothing in the more flamboyant lives of Byron and Shelley matches this for romantic poignancy. But Wordsworth's psychology was astounding. Prudence conquered because the only alternative was the madness, to which he had been tempted for a moment, of renouncing his nation — worse, his *pays*, his Lake District — and becoming a very bad Frenchman. He was no great lover, but a rapt sublime egotist, — 'Na-

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ture's Priest,' — and even in marriage a celibate of the imagination.

So even to Professor Legouis, to whom we all owe an unpayable debt, Wordsworth seems touched with the famous insular hypocrisy when he describes the 'growth of a poet's mind,' and suppresses the love affair, though its influence on him was enormous. One amorous fever schooled his blood and judgment forever, yet exalted and clarified his whole nature and understanding. His disguised confession, 'Vaudracour and Julia,' you shall think as shambling and dodging as you please. Whether for art or life, it is a poor-spirited episode anyhow, and you cannot call it good. But one passage at least, now shown in its original setting, but afterward separated from that text, could have been written only by a man who, through Annette, had known how love comes like double revelation to imaginative minds: —

> . . . he beheld
> A vision, and adored the thing he saw.
> Arabian fiction never filled the world
> With half the wonders that were wrought for him.
> Earth lived in one great presence of the spring.

At Orléans and Blois in that spring of 1792 there was a revolution in his head and another in his breast. But Annette, though she never could have known it, had a revenge that her good nature would not have desired. When Wordsworth comes to that point of autobiography where for the first time he must tamper awkwardly with the truth, and practise suppression or evasion by narrative both feigned and stilted, the latter half of his poem suffers profound injury. To the end there are splendid lines of natural description, but they are slender in proportion as argumentative stodginess increases. Never again does he touch that wonder of the fifth book, the owl-calling on the shores of Windermere, perhaps the only passage surpassing those repeated episodes of the first book, which still change forever the lives of some kinds of persons.

In all the greatest pages the two texts differ little. There are interesting variations, but on the whole the text as we have always known it is an improvement. There is one exception. The affair of the stolen boat on Ullswater, — not Esthwaite, as hitherto supposed, — when the mountains rose higher in solemn rebuke the further he pulled out, is far fuller and better on the left-hand page than in the familiar version of 1850. As for *The Prelude* as a whole, we would not for the world have missed the knowledge of its earlier form. The later, on the whole, is superior; revision has been guided by sound critical judgment; but it is the judgment of an older, colder mind, and the left-hand text restores to us a thousand fresher and freer touches on word and phrase. To quote these would be a delightful but interminable task. We can take only one instance, the acute lines about the dropping acorn: —

> . . . seeing nought, nought hearing, save
> When here and there about the grove of oaks
> Where was my bed, an acorn from the trees
> Fell audibly and with a startling sound.

But half seraph, half square-toes, Wordsworth was born. We all suspected that one notorious phrase was the perpetration of the older man returning to many Johnsonian correctitudes he had rejected in his youth. Not so. It is a man in the late twenties who can invoke Milton thus: 'O temperate Bard!' Mr. de Selincourt is rewarded for a meticulous toil guided throughout by enlightening insight. He has incalculably increased our understanding and delight in reading again what is both one of the great poems and one of the great autobiographies of the world.

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BACON AFTER THREE HUNDRED YEARS[1]

BY HUGH B. C. POLLARD

APRIL marked the tercentenary of Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, 1561–1626. As a line in a diary it means little to the ordinary man; yet if we reflect a moment we find that in celebrating this date we are honoring the godfather of all modern science as we know it to-day. Francis Bacon was an enormous influence, a Napoleon of the battlefield of intellectual freedom. No man of his age presents a greater puzzle to historians, and there is a good deal of excuse for the theorists who hold the wildest beliefs about the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. There was much that was hidden in the man, and the face which Bacon chose to show to the world was not the whole man. An eminent psychologist has dissected the psychical body of Leonardo da Vinci. Francis Bacon would be an even better subject for this kind of post-mortem, but it calls for rather more knowledge than pure psychology and for some little learning in sixteenth-century mysticism and the political limitations of the time.

Bacon was essentially the first of the moderns. He was an organizer, a compiler, an enormous centripetal force who focused the revolt of the times against the formalized schools of deductive Aristotelian logic. For the unquestioned authority and the petrified wisdom of the classics he substituted the line of thought we still call natural science. He dignified experiment and gave it a new standing as inductive logic. He was the first outstanding intellect in historic times to realize that the function of science was not to repeat the official quips of fossil thought, but to experiment, observe, and see what caused all sorts of things to happen. To-day this seems to us a perfectly reasonable logical idea which should have occurred to anybody.

We all owe so much to Francis Bacon that it is with difficulty that we get any true picture, not of the pageantry, but of the mentality of his time.

It is perhaps best to see Bacon as a man of to-day set by circumstance three hundred years before his time. Yet even this device is inadequate, for Francis Bacon had a greater grasp and a deeper knowledge of the spiritual values than is common among the rare philosophers of his calibre to-day.

It was an unsafe age in England. Rome then stood for foreign domination, for the dead hand of priestcraft on all who sought knowledge. Lutheranism was no better, and the extravagances of the Protestant sectaries were just as bad. There is no sanction for natural philosophy in either Testament, and the inquiring and rational mind was a dangerous thing for its owner in those not too distant days when the ashes of those martyred by both sides were barely cold.

New ideas were perilous ideas, and the greater part of Bacon's work had to be done in secret. In open history he stands out as an eminently sound adviser and a poor politician. He had

[1] From *Discovery* (London popular-science monthly), *May*

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the unforgivable vice of sincerity of purpose and the colossal hardihood to oppose Elizabeth Tudor. It is true that in his *Essays* he counsels a wise expediency, but a man of his calibre has an exacting judge to satisfy. He must live on honorable terms with himself. A balanced attitude was not a road to favor in partisan times. In addition, he had to counter the jealousy of his cousins, the Cecils. The support of Essex helped Bacon in his career, and the latter has been accused of betraying his patron. His attitude at the trial of Essex was harsh, but to a certain extent excusable. Essex had not taken Bacon's advice, and he had gone far toward a state of insurrection which would have meant civil war. Bacon was an autocratic Tory democrat, but not a revolutionary.

The whole tendency of Francis Bacon's policy was toward the betterment of the condition of the realm and the people of the realm as a whole. He urged a wide toleration, not only in matters of religious belief, but in matters touching oppression by the Crown. Yet he was no democrat, and believed in the divine right of kings. With the accession of James I he rose to power. Knighted in 1604, he became Attorney-General in 1613. He steered a tortuous way through the difficulties of the times, and evidently became more 'expedient' as age withered his idealism. He abandoned the favorite Somerset for the rising star of Villiers, and in 1617 was appointed Keeper of the Privy Seal. A year later he became Lord Chancellor of England, and was raised to the peerage as Lord Verulam.

In 1621 he was at the height of his glory, but Parliament, which had been unconvoked for seven years, was at last summoned, and his enemies attacked him on charges of bribery. Bacon fell, and, though the sentences of fine and imprisonment were revoked, he was obliged to live in retirement on his estate. Freed of the squalor of politics, Bacon now came to his real glory. These last six years of his life were the most important, for he then began to publish the thought of years. He had published a certain amount before. In 1605 he had issued his *Advancement of Learning*, a review of the state of knowledge of his time. During his career he had published various *Essays*, but the work was continually revised and added to. Few works have given us so many common aphorisms as these *Essays*, and new and larger editions were printed from time to time. Yet these, important as they are from the literary point of view, had not the influence on history which was exercised by his scientific work, the *Novum Organum*, the greatest stimulant of the age ever given to a group of thinkers.

So much for the external side of Bacon. Industrious historical emmets can trace the record, and it is a not too scrupulous career, of the external man. Yet we can ask ourselves, what is there in this spotted record which stresses the scientific side of Bacon's life? We see him in history as an able, true-serving attorney, a courtier, a man circumstanced by the moral conditions of his age. Yet when we turn back to the fundamental origins of organized science in Europe, every road, every line of research, leads to one centre, — Bacon and his disciples, — and there is no clear path which leads us to the individuals who preceded him.

It is doubtful if we shall ever know any particular original contributions to scientific knowledge for which Bacon was responsible. It is better to consider him as an enormous concentrating, classifying, and coördinating force. He was the first great editor of Nature to arise since classical times, the first administrator to conceive of organized science working for the good of human-

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ity in general. His *New Atlantis* sketches out a model society dominated by brains which would function for the good of humanity. This book was published posthumously, yet we have the authority of Joseph Glanville, chaplain to James I, that Bacon did actually found a scientific society of some nature.

The enormous scope of his learning at a time when the range of all the knowledge of the age could be more or less grasped by a first-class intellect could be explained if he had not also led an active career but had worked as a recluse devoting all his time to study. Even granting the man a mental energy utterly abnormal, we must, when considering the limited mechanism of the distribution of knowledge and the slow time factor for the dissemination of thought, look on him, not as an individual, but as the head of a widespread intelligence service.

A great many indications point to Bacon as a leading character in the Rosicrucian Society. His *New Atlantis* is modeled on the conceptions of the Rosicrucian Society, and in 1660 was reprinted under the nominal authorship of John Heydon as *Voyage to the Land of the Rosicrucians*.

The Rosicrucian Brotherhood has the usual claims of esoteric societies to Egyptian origin. Actually it is difficult to trace any sound historical basis beyond the latter half of the fifteenth century. It may be looked on as an intelligent society accepting the Christian ethic, but equally hostile to the political oppressions and corruptions of the Catholic Church and to the intellectual savagery of Lutheranism. The probable reason for its insistence on Christianity was that most of the scientific and philosophic knowledge outside the sterile bounds of monastic thought was Oriental. It was either from Arabian sources, as in the case of alchemy and algebra, or it was cabalistic and derived from Hebrew thought. We know now that much then attributed to the Moslems was the relics of classical knowledge, and that most of their work was translated and adopted by rabbinical writers. Nevertheless, in the days when an accusation of heresy was the portal to a painful death, and to be suspected of knowledge stirred the jealousy of the official priestly trade-union, it is obvious that any search for knowledge required an adequate 'safety first' insurance. To the adepts of the society the rose has always been more important than the cross; yet if they secretly eschewed orthodox mass theology and hated sectarianism, they were no worse than the modern man of science who imposes on himself a Christian rule of life and finds it not impossible to accept spiritual values as laws as binding as the laws of science. But in those days they had to be careful and, above all, secret. Any identification of the newly awakened desire for knowledge of Nature with any of the new sects would have brought the movement into conflict with the powerful political machine of the then reactionary Church.

The Renaissance set men's minds working; the European Reformation gave certain countries an advantage in being able to permit primitive research work to go on without political interference. The Rosicrucian fraternity has never had fixed constitutions, but has at certain times developed a working organization or international mechanism. The first published florescence of the society reached its height in the early seventeenth century. There was a recrudescence of activity in the mid-seventeenth and in the mid-nineteenth century, and the society still exists as a nucleus organization. It has nothing whatever to do with the various spurious Rosicrucian organiza-

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tions run by the theosophists or charlatans, and is still a secret society in the true sense of the term.

Bacon was not only the head of the society in England, but was in close touch with all Continental chapters as well. The light of his intellect illuminated many centres of thought. Reform was necessary, not only in the domain of the Church, but in the realms of politics and science as well. Bacon and his helpers were all part and parcel of an organized and inspired evolutionary but not revolutionary movement. Andrea, author of the *Chymische Hochzeit Christiani Rosenkreutz*, was one of the leaders in the younger generation of the movement. About 1614 the *Fama Fraternitatis*, the first public communication of the order, appeared. It was anonymous, and appealed to the savants and men of science of Europe. Its authorship is still in dispute, but it served to bring out into the light of day a movement and a widespread system of thought which had been previously secret or so carefully disguised as to be recognizable only by initiates. The wide scope of the profession-of-faith clause in the *Fama* was highly unorthodox. It was too wide for the Catholics and too wide for the Lutherans. It led to wild attack and equally wild defense and reckless pamphleteering by both sides, but it was good publicity. John Komensky, alias Comenius, 1592–1671, was received into the order. Baruch, Spinoza, Descartes, and other great men of the seventeenth century, were also powerful supporters of Rosicrucian thought, but it is in England that the speculative and philosophical side gave place to the practical result of the restoration of science and the cult of natural philosophy.

There were two sides to Bacon's philosophy: the purely abstract philosophical view, and the natural or experimental — what we call to-day the scientific point of view. In the same way there were two main schools of thought in the Rosicrucian fraternity. On the one side were the mystics soaked in the search for cabalistic secrets and esoteric mysteries; they wished to keep their knowledge secret. On the other side we find the exotericists, men of science anxious for demonstrable knowledge and realizing the need of publicity.

A generation passes after Bacon. The gap is filled to a certain extent by Robert Fludd, a contemporary, but solely an exponent of the exoteric side. Then comes Robert Boyle, who, largely influenced by Fludd's teachings, founded in 1645 — after the latter's death — the Invisible College. This scheme was designed to put into practice the idea of a college of scientists as outlined in Bacon's *New Atlantis*. The college was to be essentially a secret organization of intellectual people, and was to be, in spite of the turmoil of the times, above politics and — what was then much the same — variant religious views. The connection between Bacon's concept and Boyle's college is evident. In a few years it became possible to drop the secrecy postulated in the idea of the Invisible College, and the society became public as the Gresham College. In 1660 it became the Academy, and in 1662 it was raised by Charles II to its present status as the Royal Society.

The early detailed history of the Royal Society is not particularly clear, but it is clear that it is in direct connection with the exoteric half of Bacon's original conception. We find in association with it, not only Boyle, but Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Robert Moray, Elias Ashmole, and Locke. These are the most important names, not only in the early Royal Society, but in English Freemasonry as well. Sir Robert

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Moray, who was the driving force behind the Royal Society, had entered the Rosicrucian fraternity in 1641, and was also the driving force in Speculative Freemasonry. Prior to this period we have no satisfactory trace of any Masonic organization other than purely operative or guild concerns. There is no trace of any persons of quality in association with these minor guild mysteries; yet between 1630 and 1660 we find people of social eminence — and it was a day when social caste rules were binding — enrolled in Masonic organizations.

The balance of evidence suggests that there is a very strong connection between the early history of the colleges which eventually became the Royal Society and the early history of English Freemasonry. The Bacon tradition had been handed down in full and successfully in so far as the exoteric or scientific side of his concept was concerned, but the inner secrets of his philosophy — the esoteric teaching of Rosicrucianism — had not been transmitted. The scaffolding of symbolism remained, bits and pieces of the tenets, ideas, suggestions — but not the all-essential clues. The secrets had been lost.

The best brains of the time set to work to recover what could be recovered of the tradition. Freemasonry was a popularized version of what could be gathered. It had a secondary potential purpose. If the times had changed again, and science had once again been outlawed, the tradition of scientific work could have been kept alive under the cover of the Craft. The chief executive authorities of the Royal Society and of Freemasonry were at that time one and the same individual. We can imagine the enthusiasm inspired by the widening of knowledge in science, and the natural assumption that Bacon's wisdom — which had borne such fruit in the realm of natural philosophy — would yield no less on the mystical side. It is probably more than coincidence that Sir Isaac Newton — who was not an original member of the Royal Society and who did not become a member till 1672 — worked for some years at cabalistic researches, and is believed to have in the end destroyed the results of his labor.

There are endless mysteries about Bacon. His parentage is attributed to Elizabeth Tudor; he can be proved by true believers to have written Shakespeare's plays, Cervantes's *Don Quixote* — and almost anything. Massive structures of most sedulous error have been reared on matters of biliteral ciphers, of watermarks, of type fonts, in his books. His date of death and place of burial are none too well established, and altogether he is a puzzling individual.

Yet if we reject the wildest and most entertaining theories, it is difficult not to find some excuse for sympathizing with the people who believe in them. Bacon's work had to be done in secret, according to the need of the times and the rule of the order of which he was a member. His work led to the establishment of organized science and the foundation of the Royal Society, the first official body of its kind to be founded in Europe. It also led to the establishment of Speculative Freemasonry. To-day both these great things radiate all over the world. The man of science and the Freemason alike should give honor to the man whose work three hundred years ago gave expression to concepts of freedom of thought, tolerance, and clear thinking which were then three centuries before their time, and have been generally accepted by the world only during the last three generations.

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STUDENT LIFE IN PARIS DURING THE MIDDLE AGES[1]

BY PAUL FUCHS

THE twelfth century was a great epoch for Christianity. The Western world undertook the Crusades, the Papacy extended and consolidated its power, and the Communes conquered their independence. A great desire for education was born of that general fermentation of the mind, and to it we owe the foundation of the University of Paris. Around the first church of Notre Dame, the church that had followed the temple of Æsculapius of the ancient Lutecia, schools were formed in those distant times, under the authority of the Bishop of Paris, in which clerks were to be taught what clerks at that time had to know — in the first grades, grammar, dialectics, and rhetoric; in the second, arithmetic, music, geometry, astronomy; and finally theology, canon law, and medicine. All that was needed in order to open a school was the permission of a bishop or of the chancellor of Notre Dame. Once the license was obtained, the master had the right to address all comers. He spoke now in the open air, in the street, in the square, or at a crossroads, now indoors in some cloister, hall, or grange, perched upon a chair or on a simple stool, while his pupils sat about him on bundles of straw. At the beginning of the twelfth century these episcopal schools were the principal schools of the kingdom and the country of France, but at the time of which we have just spoken their renown had spread throughout all Europe, and their students were numbered by the thousands. They stayed in these schools for ten, fifteen, or even more years. 'Happy city,' said a contemporary, Philippe de Harvengt, abbé of Bonne-Espérance, 'where the students almost outnumber the lay inhabitants of the city.'

This migratory crowd increased each year, and soon overflowed the borders of the city, but remained on the left bank of the Seine, near the Petit Pont. Not a few of them were quite willing to put the river between them and the rude authority of the chancellor of Notre Dame. At length a more general rapprochement was brought about, on the day when on the north flank of the Mont Sainte-Geneviève a group of masters which included Guillaume de Champeaux and Abélard drew the crowd of students around them and aroused their enthusiasm.

It was not long before this turbulent tribe, impatient of any constraint, rose up against authority. It was as a consequence of numerous quarrels, some of which were serious enough to bring the civil power and the ecclesiastical jurisdiction to blows, and even to summon the intervention of the Pope himself, that the students of Paris, masters and pupils, acquired their corporate independence. In the year 1200 a clerk quarreled in the cabaret with the owner of the place. His comrades took his side, invaded the shop, and left the tavern keeper half dead. A great uproar ensued. Philippe Auguste's provost, followed by the burgesses in arms, broke into the house of the clerks and

[1] From the *Figaro* (Paris Radical Party daily), *May* 8

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left five of them dead on the pavement. Immediately masters and students carried their troubles to the King. They decided to suspend their lectures and to leave Paris, as the murderers were not punished. The threat was a serious one. The importance of the University of Paris for the recruiting of the clergy was so great that a suspension of instruction was tantamount to a brusque interruption of the whole ecclesiastical life.

The King had to give in. The provost of Paris was flung into prison with all those of his accomplices who could be found, some of the murderers having taken flight. The King had their houses demolished and their vines torn up. The masters and students were triumphant. This incident, slight as it was in itself, won for them that same year the grant of a charter which made them independent of the municipal police and the royal judges, and henceforth they were dependent only on the judges of the Church. The provost of Paris was forbidden to lay hands on a scholar except in a case of *flagrante delicto*, and even then he had to surrender him at once to ecclesiatical justice.

Even from that authority the clerks were not long in freeing themselves. Numerous conflicts soon sprang up between them and their bishop. He suspended their professors *a sacris*, imprisoned the students, and pronounced excommunication. An appeal was made to the Pope, resulting in a new and decisive victory for the students. The Pope annulled the excommunication and ordered the chancellor to come and justify himself at Rome. Innocent III forbade the bishop to imprison any masters or pupils, and he deprived him also of his monopoly of the students' food. In fact, in 1222 he was despoiled of all power, and from then on our roisterers depended only on the Pope. The Pope, to be sure, was very far away. . . .

At this period, and in consequence of the almost absolute liberty confirmed more than once by the pontifical power, there was organized on the Mont Sainte-Geneviève that sort of State within a State which lived its own life, had its own jurisdiction, its own customs, and constituted, for about three or four centuries, the most characteristic group of old Paris. To-day, as one wanders through the Latin Quarter entirely undistinguished from the rest of the capital, and pauses in front of those vast, light-colored buildings, — *lycées*, *universités*, *instituts* of all kinds, — one can reconstruct only with difficulty what in the Middle Ages must have been the aggregation of buildings that rose on this spot and where there dwelt a host of clerks come from all provinces of France and all foreign countries. To form an idea of it one must remember first that there was almost no secondary education in that period. When a pupil had learned reading, writing, and the elements of Latin grammar he became a student and took university courses. He began ordinarily at fourteen or fifteen, as the masters themselves were for the most part very young. A man could be a master at the age of fourteen. A close solidarity bound the masters to the students. They led the same life together, often shared the same lodgings, and did their work and took their pleasures in common, accompanied one another on nocturnal expeditions, and participated — the masters not always least actively — in dissipations. Both masters and students, practically certain as they were of impunity, gave themselves over to excesses of which more than one would to-day lead to imprisonment. Not only did they, like the students of all times and places, frequent cabarets and worse resorts,

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ransoming newcomers, who were called *béjaunes*, but they would run through the streets mistreating inoffensive pedestrians, and even take to housebreaking.

A very natural sentiment grouped the students according to their origin into communities that were called 'nations' — the nations of Normandy, of Picardy, of France, of England, of Germany. When two nations met each other they would often fall to mutual recriminations and come to blows. These battles were frequently sanguinary, and had to be suspended, if possible, by the watch. As soon as he intervened, all of the students joined hands in order to attack him. Everything was a pretext for drinking bouts and feasts — the arrival of a new master, as much as the end of examinations. Some of them, however, were studious and fairly well behaved. They could be seen in the evening, walking along the banks of the Seine and along the Pré-aux-Clercs, repeating the master's lesson and reflecting on his instruction. A few of them were rich, but the majority were poor ragamuffins. Writings of the period show us the students living in wretched hovels, dressed in rags, and reduced to eating the most meagre victuals in dirty taverns. Their chief drink was water, with a rare allowance of wine — and what wine it was! Many of them ate nothing but dry bread and drank a mixture of broth and wine. Meat and fish were served on Sundays and feast days, or on the occasion of a visit by a friend. Three companions who had rented a room in common, we are told by a chronicler of the time, had no furniture but a single small bed, and no headgear but a single bonnet between them to wear to their lectures. The one tunic that was left for the two students who stayed at home was worn by one of them, while the other stayed in bed.

Deprived of the glamour that always clings to the past and the picturesque, the life of the mediæval student seems crude and even painful. He left his bed as the clock in the neighboring convent struck five. Lectures began at six, even at five at the faculty of law, and it was necessary to get to chapel to hear the Mass before lectures. Dressed in a simple robe or a gray cape, the student had to brave the darkness of the winter night, grope his way down a tortuous staircase, draw the bolt of a low door, slip out into the dark and narrow streets, and then make his way to the rue du Foirre, where he entered a stable or a barnyard. The listeners took their seats in the summer time on the ground or on the limbs of trees, in the winter time on straw, since the use of benches or stools was forbidden. The rooms were never heated and the windows never paned. A simple candle served for illumination.

At ten or eleven o'clock the work was at an end. The student went back to his room to have a meagre meal. At noon he had to return to the school, to be present at the meridian disputations. The afternoon passed in learning tomorrow's lessons and attending free courses or repetitions. During the lecture he took his notes on a writing desk which he held on his knees and which had a square hole in one corner for the inkwell. Books were rare and expensive, consisting of manuscripts on parchment. The books which the student needed he had to rent at a high rate.

The student of those days paid dearly for the right to get an arduous education in which the greatest place was reserved for the study of logic, the art of arts and the science of sciences. The liberties he enjoyed and the few celebrations he could make were slight compensation for his miseries. As a result, to relieve his existence, new in-

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stitutions came into being, and toward the end of the thirteenth century special houses were opened for poor students, where they found board and lodging. These houses increased in importance. They soon became colleges, and modified the life of the University. Royal authority favored their creation and their development, though, on the other hand, it deprived the clerks progressively of the liberties that had been granted them. In the middle of the fifteenth century the majority of the students were pensioners. In 1445 an order of Charles VII withdrew the University from ecclesiastical jurisdiction and subjected it to the common law. When, in the time of Henri II, a scuffle took place on the Pré-aux-Clercs between the citizens, the police, and the young students, who, far from being able to avenge themselves on their adversaries as they could have done under Philippe Auguste, were forced to seek pardon from the King. Finally, under Henri IV, the town assumed the right to regulate alone the education of the youth of the kingdom. That was the definite end of all the noisy, troubled, picturesque life which for three centuries had burgeoned on the flanks of the Mont Sainte-Geneviève, and which was one of the most singular pictures of mediæval Paris.

NEW YORK VERSUS STOCKHOLM [1]

BY PAULA VON REZNICEK AND ANNA VON WESTRUP

NEW YORK

THE husband devotes the day to business, the wife to entertainment, social duties, sport, and welfare work. The last of these occupies a large place in the programme of a modern American society woman. It includes work in so-called girls' clubs or boys' clubs, meetings of various charitable organizations, and serving on the committees of social-service bodies. Many also attend lecture and university courses. The importance attached to physical exercise requires part of the morning to be devoted to outdoor sports. Consequently a nation of early risers.

In the forenoon my young lady drives out in a little runabout, which she has bought with her own earnings or has been given by her father, much as a Swedish girl might be given a wrist watch. Such a car costs very little. She may ride out to the country club for a game of tennis, or go shopping. Paris is still trumps in ladies' fashions. Those who can do so make their purchases during an annual trip to that city and the Riviera, or else buy imported costumes. Sports are taken seriously and pursued with great enthusiasm. Money-making is not the first interest of society ladies, and sports afford the same outlet for their energies that business does in case of men.

About half-past one luncheon — almost never at home, and rarely alone, generally with a friend or an acquaintance at a hotel or restaurant. Not in-

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *May* 8

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frequently guests are invited to breakfast at such establishments instead of at one's house. But men are never visible at midday. They are busy elsewhere. Afternoon tea and Mah Jongg or bridge parties, often with thirty or forty tables, occupy part of the afternoon. Some of these are in the interest of charities. When I was in New York it was not unusual to be invited at least once a week to the private home of some well-known citizen where a seat at a Mah Jongg table cost five dollars, or twenty dollars a table. The proceeds, including most of the winnings, went to some well-known charity. Such affairs are never dull, even though no gentlemen are present, for American women are self-sufficient socially.

After office the husband appears on the scene. A spirit of comradeship prevails between man and wife. Easy divorces encourage mutual consideration. Afternoon tea is usually over by the time the husband arrives. He either devotes a short interval to some vigorous sport, like boxing or swimming, or spends the time with his family. There is much going out evenings. In that respect the Americans are more sociable than we are. Many people pay their social debts by theatre parties, which may be large or small. Places are arranged as they would be at one of our own dinners. After the theatre, supper and dancing, with a preference for little French restaurants, and of late an increasing tendency to have them at home — partly the result of Prohibition. Big formal dinners in private residences are comparatively rare. Formal calls are practically out of date. There is much addressing of each other by the first name. All social intercourse is informal. A young lady goes out as a matter of course in the evening with a friend or a party of friends, without a chaperon — to concerts, theatres, parties, the cinema, or other places of entertainment. No one remarks upon that, even in the most exclusive circles. The young man calls in his car, the couple go to the theatre, and perhaps to a dance afterward, and return earlier or later as the case may be.

STOCKHOLM

STOCKHOLM will never be New York. First of all, Sweden is not a wealthy country. Furthermore, everything is on a smaller scale — and as a result social life is more intimate. It is not so bustling and exacting. The different social classes stand closer to one another. Consequently people understand each other better and have fewer points of difference than in a great country like America. The mercantile spirit is not so preponderant. We have good business men and engineers, and well-qualified experts in other fields of practical activity, but no one would say that a commercial spirit reigns in our society. Economic interests do not thrust themselves into the foreground. A business attitude toward social life, and the acquisition of wealth as an end in itself, are rather exceptional among the Swedes. Consequently our people are not as nervous, as intense, as hurried. They have time to think, and they do not hunt for distractions. Society is not an end in itself; it is not made a business. People retire more within themselves.

In Sweden the family is still the all-absorbing centre of life. The father and mother in the upper social classes — and I am speaking principally of our higher circles — never dream of subordinating their duty to their children to other things; on the contrary, the rearing of their children monopolizes their attention. The Swedes cling to traditions, and in a certain measure, perhaps, lag behind the times. Wives and daughters seldom think

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of preparing themselves for a career, and one may safely say that none of them ever expects to compete with women who must depend upon themselves for their support.

The whole standard of living is more modest in Sweden than in America. Young married couples, even in the very highest circles, begin life in a three- to five-room apartment, and have but one maid, or dispense with servants entirely. Consequently young married women and young daughters are largely absorbed with their domestic duties, especially since all entertaining is done at home, instead of in a café or restaurant. We have very few women's clubs.

Our more modest scale of living is primarily responsible for the practical education we give our girls. Young ladies of the highest social circles almost invariably attend schools and courses where they are taught cooking, housekeeping, and the care of children. They are therefore professionally prepared, if I may use the term, for marriage. But parents, even among the nobility, seldom interfere in their children's choice of a life mate. Marriage for love is the rule. Nevertheless, a Swedish girl is not inclined to venture into eccentric, romantic, or experimental matrimony. As a rule she uses her freedom in choosing a husband very prudently. Misalliances are the exception.

Sports come next to practical domestic accomplishments in a Swedish girl's life. A taste for them is cultivated in the schools. Skiing, horseback riding, gymnastics, and swimming stand first. The most popular diversion of young people of all classes is dancing. Young girls are allowed to go to balls without chaperons, although they by no means enjoy the same social freedom that they do in America.

A certain reserve and formal courtesy is characteristic of both sexes in Sweden. We are great people for bowing to each other. A stranger who asks for information on the street will always receive a polite answer. And yet the Swede is a serious sort of person and not easy in his intercourse with strangers. He is rather inclined to be ceremonious, and seldom speaks to anyone to whom he has not been introduced. But after the ice is broken he is generally a loyal friend. His mentality is much like that of the Englishman. I imagine that this explains his interest in England and English literature. He reads chiefly Shakespeare, Shaw, Galsworthy, Hardy — and perhaps Jack London. German literature is too speculative and philosophical for his taste. If a cultivated Swedish family is forced to economize, and to choose between subscribing for seats for a theatrical or an opera season, it will almost invariably select the opera. Musical life is exceedingly important in the Swedish capital, and the annual musical evening at the Royal Palace is the principal social event of the season.

A Swedish lady of the upper circles dresses herself simply but tastefully. Ladies copy the French modes, gentlemen the English fashions. Simplicity also rules in the kitchen. There is a distinctively Swedish cuisine, but it is neither elaborate nor expensive.

These differences between the social life of New York and Stockholm, like so many differences between America and Sweden, can be traced back to a single cause — Sweden has a tradition, a cultural tradition, which New York has not yet created for itself.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

PARIS NIGHTS

THE Anglo-Americanization of Paris has enormously simplified the task of the foreign pleasure-seeker, who now assures himself of an entertaining evening by visiting, in company with the native population of the city, the more pretentious musical revues. At the present moment the most profitable evening in Paris is to be found at the Théâtre Marigny when Sacha Guitry and Albert Willemetz's satirical revue, '*Vive la Republique*,' is on the boards. The first act is given over to skillful lampooning of contemporary politics — the fall of the franc, the debt to America, the rapid succession of Finance Ministers. The second part, like our old Cohan revues, burlesques the current theatrical hits, and, though not so clever as the first part, is more comprehensible to the stranger. Geneviève Vix, late of the Opéra, adds greatly to the evening's gayety.

Those who prefer to linger over their cigars and light wines will find it well worth while to visit the show at the Palace, arriving about ten-fifteen, in time to see the inimitable Grock. It is safe to say that if this gifted clown had been playing as long and successfully in New York as he has abroad he would even now be recognized by the daring *Dial* as the equal of Charlie Chaplin, Al Jolson, and the Four Marx Brothers. It is likely that this emancipated journal would also recommend a visit to the Casino de Paris, where Maurice Chevalier is singing French songs in the best traditions of American vaudeville.

The legitimate stage offers a much less tempting bill of fare. Sacha Guitry's *Mozart*, a featherweight play with music and Yvonne Printemps, will soon close for the summer, and the only other dramatic company worth visiting is the Russian Pitoëffs, who have been presenting works by those two eminent boulevardiers, Pirandello and Bernard Shaw. The Comédie Française is still doing business at the old stand, but the Odéon is temporarily trying its hand at the revue line too.

Perhaps the best way of describing the rest of the French stage is to give the titles of some half-dozen shows, in our crude English speech. We take, as horrible examples, 'The Love Blues,' 'Not on the Mouth,' 'The Bigamist,' 'Three Naked Girls,' 'Passionately,' 'The Wedding Night.'

Perhaps the safest thing to do is to avoid the theatre altogether and go in only for concerts, of which there are many excellent ones; or even sink to American movies. The French films, except for a marvelous picture of the Citroën motor-tractor expedition across Africa, are worthless. Cabarets and restaurants of the better order are what we have in New York, and sometimes excel the original; and the Russian joints are decidedly superior to the Manhattan equivalent. The safest rule for the American tourist is to follow other American tourists and discover that the discerning native and the wide-eyed Babbitt plunge into the same dives.

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FREUD AT SEVENTY

No name in modern psychology, not even that of William James, has become so much a part of the general vocabulary as that of Sigmund Freud, the great Viennese psychiatrist, who has recently celebrated his seventieth birthday. German and Austrian birthdays, especially those of what Nietzsche used to call *Wir Gelehrten*, are not allowed to pass as quietly as birthdays pass elsewhere, and the German-language press has been full of tributes to the inventor of dire complexes, of treacherous 'slips,' and of highly imaginative dream-symbolisms. In the *Neue Freie Presse* Dr. Paul Schilder tells the story of Freud's slow and patient work, against ordinary as well as exceptional obstacles, to extend his early lessons on hysteria — as taught by Charcot at Paris — to the whole science of pathological behavior.

'Society and his own professional colleagues — from the beginning as little inclined as ever to lend an ear to new ideas — felt no great gratitude to the daring investigator who tore the veil away from the perilous instincts and impulses of the human soul. His doctrine was regarded as a dangerous one, and the intellect, acting under the influence of all the forces of "repression" itself, did its best to brand the new knowledge as meaningless. But imperceptibly the Freudian theories began to find friendly students and advocates, who made contributions of their own to the master's ideas, and triumph was at hand. The development of psychology, of neurology, and of psychiatry in the last two centuries has been a development toward Freud — and that means a development upward.'

'I have n't the slightest idea,' says Stefan Zweig, in a somewhat different vein in the *Literarische Welt*, 'whether the two or three concepts, the dictionary abbreviations, and the tea-table chatter that Freud's tremendous intellectual labors have made possible, are sound or not; I only know that Sigmund Freud has done more than all but a few, perhaps more than anyone, in our time to prepare the way for an unprecedented vigor in psychological study by his stimulating thinking, his fresh vision, and his sharp penetration into the unknown. He has sounded the depths of the soul and illuminated them; he has risked daring speculations, and he has suggested meanings for phenomena over which psychology had previously blundered without inspiration.'

LONDON THEATRES

Sean O'Casey, whose *Juno and the Paycock* is now being played in New York, is the man of the hour on the London stage. That play, the outstanding achievement of the year, has now given place to the *Plough and the Stars*, written by the same author and performed by the same company in the same theatre. O'Casey has no mercy for his countrymen, which may partly account for the success of his work in the British capital. The most overpraised play of the season is *Conflict*, by a chinless dramatist named Miles Malleson, who, one suspects, must have blackmailed half the critics in London to get the notices he did. To say that it is immeasurably worse than Galsworthy's *Strife* is not putting matters a bit too strongly, yet the press united in crowning Mr. Malleson as the equal of Pinero as a master of dramatic technique and the superior of John Maynard Keynes as an economist. The play, it may be said, deals with the difficulties between Capital and Labor.

To see Mr. Malleson's not unamusing performance in *Riverside Nights* is

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perhaps the best way of understanding why *Conflict* is so poor — certainly this successful attempt at a British Chauve-Souris is worth visiting on its own account. Nigel Playfair and A. P. Herbert of *Punch* are responsible for the most amusing scenes, and a young lady named Elsie Lanchester bids fair to rival Beatrice Lillie.

For the rest, the conquest of the British stage by American playwrights and musical-comedy mongers is nearly complete. *Lady Be Good* with the Astaires, and *Kid Boots* with the inadequate Leslie Henson in Eddie Cantor's shoes, are the best revues in town. *Rose Marie* is in its second year, and *No, No, Nanette* has turned up like a bad penny not only in London but in Paris and Berlin as well. One of the better native comedies is *This Woman Business*, written by one Ben Levy at the age of nineteen, and starring Fay Compton. It is far better fare than *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, which the New York stage already knows to its cost.

Incidentally, 'The Big Parade' has just had its London première. After passing a few kind remarks about the technical excellence of this film, most of the critics take off their shirts and plunge into a vigorous attack on a story about three American soldiers that does not waste any time on what the British and French troops were doing at the moment, however irrelevant such matters might be to the story in hand. Indeed, their onslaught on this 'America won the war' theme is so vigorous that one suspects the lady of protesting too much.

♣

ENGLISH SLANGUAGE

WRITING in *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*, Mr. Roy Cumberland embarks on a brief history of British slang, beginning with the expression 'Quoz,' the centenary of which is being celebrated this year. We are told that this word was flung frequently, in the year 1826, at impertinent persons who asked you questions that you preferred not to answer. The next really formidable success was, 'What a shocking bad hat!' which soon blossomed into a game almost as popular as and even more strenuous than the renowned 'Beaver!' Wearers of worn and torn headpieces were in constant danger of having the offending object snatched from their heads and hurled into the gutter by enthusiastic athletes.

The year 1835 is agreed upon by most scholars as the time at which 'Does your mother know you're out?' first convulsed a weary world. Five more years of fasting and prayer were necessary before 'Do you see any green in my eye' made its bow. The closing decades of the nineteenth century were more prolific, and they may be held responsible for 'I would I were with Nancy,' 'Whoa, Emma, mind the paint,' 'Not to-day, baker,' 'Not in these trousers,' 'Where did you get that hat?' and 'Let 'em all come.' Some of these have been heard in the States and may even have originated here. Nowadays, with Ring Lardner, H. C. Witwer, Sinclair Lewis, Milt Gross, and Anita Loos hard at work recording the speech of the proletariat and our aristocracy of salesmen and movie stars, we are likely to surpass even the achievements of the British in this important field.

♣

OUR WALKER GOLFERS

WHAT most impressed the English about the American Walker Cup golf team was the remarkably good form of the players — especially Bobby Jones and Francis Ouimet. The golfing

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editor of the *Times* offers the following comment: —

'One and all they swing the club, rather than take it up. There is no suspicion of a hit in wooden club shots or iron shots; there is no trace of "stab" in any putt. Every stroke is part of a well-timed swing. It is most marked in Mr. Jones and Mr. Ouimet, but it is shown clearly by all, and one is left with the impression of a well-balanced, homogeneous company of players, where the wild or uncontrolled shot is a rarity.

'It is certain that they have acquired the fundamental principles of the game, as introduced many years ago by those pioneers who left Carnoustie and took their game to America. It is as certain that our young golfers will never realize their full possibilities until they follow the same plan. The lessons to be learned from Mr. Jones and Mr. Ouimet are, in particular, that accuracy as well as length can be obtained only by pivoting — in other words, by the correct employment of the hips; and that the result without effort can be obtained by a long, slow, even swing that quickens only when close to the ball.

'One was impressed by two more points arising from the swinging stroke that the Americans use — first, that they take very little turf with their iron clubs, and secondly, that the flight of the ball off the driver is a "drift" from right to left. A shot from left to right can be learned at any time, but the drift referred to is only common to players who swing at the ball.'

✻

KEYSERLING IN PARIS

FOLLOWING the example of his compatriots, Albert Einstein and Thomas Mann, Count Keyserling has invaded the so-called intellectual capital of the world — the political capital of France — and has lectured there, under the auspices of the Carnegie Foundation, on the subject of 'Soul and Spirit.' 'In a masterly improvisation,' says the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, 'and with the most complete command, not only of our language, but of our ways of thinking, Count Keyserling outlined a vast picture of the spiritual situation of our period; by a series of happy formulas he traced the various stages which have led us to the point at which we find ourselves, and forcefully defined the duties that confront us; finally, in a conclusion that carried his whole audience with him, he defined the particular rôle that France must play in the "newly emerging world" — a rôle that, because of her heritage, must be nothing short of cardinal.' And thus another link was added to the chain of Franco-German reconciliation.

✻

LE ROI S'AMUSE

THE motives impelling American débutantes of both sexes to be presented at the Court of St. James are not far to seek. The complacency of royalty during this ordeal is less easy to account for. Possibly a recent news item in the *Westminster Gazette* may serve to clear the matter up somewhat. Apropos of a vaudeville performance being given under the King's patronage, we are informed by a high official that the genial George has a remarkable and truly British sense of fun. 'The King,' we are assured, 'thoroughly enjoys real knockabout comedy turns, even when they involve rough-and-tumble business between the comedians. He has the genuine British liking for a man who sits on his hat or has his chair taken from under him. He enjoys acrobatic turns only when there is a large spice of comedy in them.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Art of Thought, by Graham Wallas. London: Jonathan Cape, 1926. 9*s*.

[*The Manchester Guardian*]

Mr. Wallas's hand has not lost its cunning. His gifts of apt and ready illustration, often from the most unlikely sources, of whimsical and yet incisive humor, employed in the service of a mind as busy and inquiring as that of a child, combine as attractively as ever with that attitude of calm and settled but rather pessimistic benevolence which is the accepted prerogative of age. He is still, in short, himself; and those who recognized and greeted an original method and a genuine individuality in *Human Nature in Politics* and *The Great Society* need only to be told this to know that in *The Art of Thought* we have a book not to be missed, stimulating, provocative, often annoying — a book, no doubt, of questions rather than answers, but of questions set by a master in the art.

It is what is called 'thinking for oneself' that Mr. Wallas has chosen for his subject, and his aim is to discuss various means by which this may be increased and encouraged in the citizens of our modern democracies. He analyzes the growth of a thought into the four stages — preparation, incubation, illumination, verification; and he is himself mainly interested in the second and third of these, which are clearly less open to conscious and voluntary regulation than the first and fourth. On the basis of this analysis he treats the problem in succession from a number of different angles, but relying always mainly for help on recent psychological work. He has no sympathy with 'mechanist' psychological theories, of which he hopes that psychology is now ridding itself, and on the other hand he has little belief in what we ordinarily call philosophy, though his instances of creative thinkers are often chosen from the philosophers of the past. His hopes rest on what he calls, after Professor Nunn, a 'hormic conception' of the human organism. He pursues this conception through a number of familiar topics, on which he has always something original and suggestive to say: the relation of thought to emotion, the place of habit, the importance of 'fringe-thoughts,' the meaning of energy of thought, national peculiarities in thought, dissociation, and religious mysticism, and so on. Finally, he winds up with three chapters on education which may be said to have a dual theme — first, the possibilities of psychology as a factor in education, and, secondly, the problem of the supernormal child in the State-organized educational system.

Mr. Wallas says that he was once rebuked by an American pupil for attempting to teach 'psychology in the vernacular.' The phrase is a happy description of his method, to which we do not share the American's objection. Mr. Wallas is not a professed psychologist, and he is not writing psychology. He is writing chiefly for students, hoping to help them in the use of their minds, and for those who have the care of students, a class which in a modern democracy may be said to include all active citizens. To all these his book should be valuable; but it should be read especially by those who are interested, professionally or otherwise, in secondary education. The concluding sketch, confessedly somewhat Utopian, of a secondary school, under public management, for the one per cent of highly gifted children, has a charm and suggestiveness that are rare in educational literature.

Fairy Gold, by Compton Mackenzie. London: Cassell's, 1926. 7*s*. 6*d*.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

Against a wonderful background of a Cornish island, Mr. Mackenzie has used the old plot of thwarted lovers to write one of the most delightful of stories. All the familiar ingredients are there, — the soldier lover, the beautiful heroine, the irate parent, the rich suitor who through his profiteer father has fixed the heroine's hand as the price of saving the family fortunes, — but so cunningly has Mr. Mackenzie mixed them that one seems to be reading all this for the time first, and even secures an authentic thrill when hidden treasure is discovered and the lovers are safely united, to the discomfiture and humiliation of the profiteer. *Fairy Gold* is an apt title, for the story moves in lights and shades of mysterious beauty, recalling irresistibly the nights of Verona, where fairies keep their watch over true love. There is a splendid sincerity about it all that gives the old plot a peculiar strength and makes these romantic lovers completely credible, especially as with cunning art Mr. Mackenzie sets them among types that come straight from life: the only too real dugout colonel, the old gardener, and the old boatman, the C3 garrison, the cheeky but completely delightful imp Venetia, and the fat, suave,

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money-loving profiteer — all sketches of extreme cleverness, amid which Vivien, child of the sea, moves like something out of an old tale, mysterious, passionate, and wonderful. The whole story is a triumph written with a brilliant reticence and appreciation of values that give it a sense of permanence shared by few of its competitors.

Five Hundred Years of Chaucer Criticism and Allusion, 1357–1900, by Caroline F. E. Spurgeon. Three volumes. Cambridge: The University Press.

[Prince Mirsky in the *London Mercury*]

Miss Spurgeon's book, which was originally printed for private circulation to members of the Chaucer Society, is a valuable contribution, not only to the study of Chaucer, but to the history of literary criticism. It is an anthology of, I think, a quite novel type, and gives ample matter for meditation on this, latterly so greatly overgrown, branch of literature. The general impression is, perhaps, — and Miss Spurgeon is herself of the opinion, — that considerable progress has been made in the last century. But, after all, was the progress as real as it seems, and was not W. P. Ker almost right when he hinted that we have gone no further than Dryden? The book, anyhow, is delightful and often quite amusing reading. Miss Spurgeon in her introduction is rather hard on those of the earlier critics who did not give Chaucer his due. She even advances the dangerous opinion that Matthew Arnold was the last remnant of the 'uncritical' age when he denied Chaucer the 'high seriousness' of Dante. Was De Quincey so very much more 'critical' when he thought Chaucer 'worth five hundred of Homer'? Or Blake when he said, 'Nor can a child be born who is not one of these characters of Chaucer'? Or Ruskin when he singled out Chaucer, together with Moses, David, Hesiod, Vergil, Dante, and Saint John, as 'one of the men who have taught the purest theological truth'? Personally I liked this last quotation better than any other in the book. To be sure, the nineteenth was, at times, an imaginative rather than a critical century!

Tōjūrō's Love, and Four Other Plays, by Kikuchi Kwan. Translated from the Japanese by Glenn W. Shaw. Tokyo: The Hokuseido.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

The author of these plays is reputed to be the foremost of the younger Japanese writers. Most of his work consists of novels and short stories, but he has shown a growing inclination toward the drama. It is not easy to decide his merits as a dramatist on the strength of the present volume. The five plays it contains have themes that are common enough to the traditional drama of Japan, but the dramatist's method suggests a more than passing acquaintance with Western models. To what extent this impression is owing to the translator, whose English is highly idiomatic and sometimes a little slangy, we do not know. Certainly the dialogue has a kind of European naturalness which, if it existed at all, in the Japanese theatre would be something of a rarity.

The first of the plays in the volume, which is easily the best of them, is apparently one of the most popular on the Japanese stage to-day. It is a dramatization of one of the author's own prose tales, dealing with an imaginary incident in the life of Sakata Tōjūrō, a famous actor of the early years of the Genroku Period, who tried to introduce naturalism into the art of acting. In the play we are shown Tōjūrō's consternation at having to play the part of a 'paramour' in a new piece. Although a great rake and fully experienced in the ways of loose women, he has never yet made love to another man's wife. In order to acquire the knowledge necessary to the playing of his part he pretends to be enamored of Okaji, the wife of the manager of the theatre. Deceived by his histrionic experiment, she first pities and then requites his seeming passion. Tōjūrō gives a highly realistic and successful performance of his part, and Okaji, realizing the deception, commits suicide. The action of the play is very smooth; there is hardly an unnecessary word in the three scenes. No unusual depth of insight is revealed, but the dramatist clearly possesses an unusual power of characterization and a keen eye for the dramatic situation. One is intrigued by the references to Japanese morals and ideals in the plays, but it is difficult to get into contact with their artistic motive. That the dramatist is continually being reproached for both an absence of conviction and financial success is, perhaps, an illustration of the tact with which he pursues what is in Japan a fairly unpopular calling.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

Wordsworth, William. *The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind.* Edited from the manuscripts, with introduction, textual and critical notes, by Ernest de Selincourt. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1926. 25*s*.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Twenty-Five: Being a Young Man's Candid Recollections of His Elders and Betters, by Beverley Nichols. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1926. $2.50.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS is the sort of terribly clever young Englishman who says, 'Twenty-five seems to me the latest age at which anybody should write an autobiography.' Evidently he does not believe it is the earliest, for his previous works are entitled, *Prelude*, *Patchwork*, and *Self*. The first of these — a novel in which he faithfully reproduced all his boy friends at Oxford — made quite a stir and enjoyed quite a sale among the above-mentioned boy friends. His latest volume tells us, in an inimitable style that is all its own, how the author came to the States on one of those numberless British-propaganda invasions to which we were subject during the late war. He then moves to Oxford, where he was President of the Union, and in that capacity entertained Winston Churchill and Horatio Bottomley. He has also visited the Balkans, where he talked to the Queen of Greece and Compton Mackenzie. He seems to have come to a temporary stop in London, where he sees a lot of charming people who write. Every line of the book is excessively British and tiresomely knowing. We are, for instance, assured that neither Rudolph Valentino nor Nicholas Murray Butler is an intellectual giant. As might be expected of one who labors over so trite a matter, we are also informed that Noel Coward and Michael Arlen are splendid fellows, not so much on account of the marvelous stuff they have written, as because they were both condemned to whole weeks of hard work before they at last won through to success. Unless the faintly patronizing air, from which even so well-intentioned a Britisher as Mr. Nichols cannot quite escape, grates on delicate American sensibilities, the book should enjoy a good sale, for it presents many of the flashier figures of the day in the sophisticated luxury to which they are accustomed.

Mape, the World of Illusion, by André Maurois. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1926. $2.50.

MAPE is the name that a little girl once made up for that country of the imagination to which most children, some grown-ups, and all artists, now and then repair. Goethe, or rather Werther, lived in it the whole time, and the first sketch in this book tells of the young poet's ridiculous affair with Fräulein Charlotte Buff. It is related with all the unctuousness of a Frenchman gloating over the failure of a German Don Juan. The second sketch, occupying the second third of the volume, is more in the nature of a story, the point of which is summed up in Oscar Wilde's epigram, 'Life imitates Art much more than Art imitates Life.' It tells of a young man who tries to measure up in real life to one of Balzac's characters. The third Mapian is neither a reader nor a writer, but an actress — the renowned Mrs. Siddons, of whose dramatic ability Mr. Maurois has no very high opinion. Here he is in more of an E. Barrington historical romance mood and less in the Stracheyesque vein of *Ariel*. The latest Maurois book, not yet translated into English, is a novel, and we are inclined to place Mape halfway between the author's biographical writings and his new imaginative work. One can hardly call his war books pure fiction, but here we see further evidences, beyond anything that he has yet revealed, of humor, insight, and above all of imagination, that may foretell still more brilliant triumphs to come.

A History of English Literature. Vol. I: The Middle Ages and the Renascence, by Émile Legouis. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1926. $3.75.

ONE could count on the fingers of one hand the histories of literature that have themselves been first-rate books, but one would certainly have to include — and not on one's thumb! — Taine's history of English literature as perhaps the greatest of all. M. Legouis is one of several living Frenchmen who have inherited Taine's interest in that literature, and have gone beyond him, in many cases, in knowledge. Few English scholars know the period covered by this volume better than M. Legouis knows it, and this, together with his detachment as a foreigner, gives him a claim on every student's attention. His book is a little dull, if the truth must be told, and perhaps as much because of the inclusion of historical, bibliographical, and biographical material as for any other reason. But every student of English literature will be interested in his accounts of such first-rate figures as Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton.

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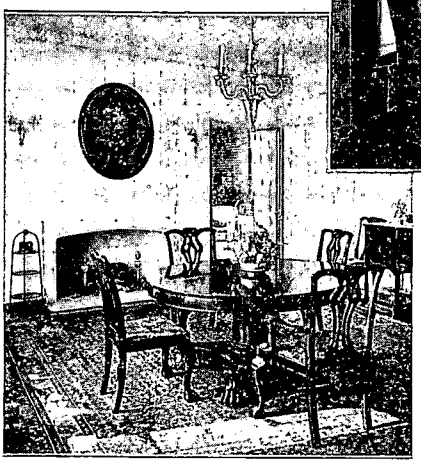

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